A REPORT ON ISRAEL

oc July 11, 1957 25¢

THE REPORTER

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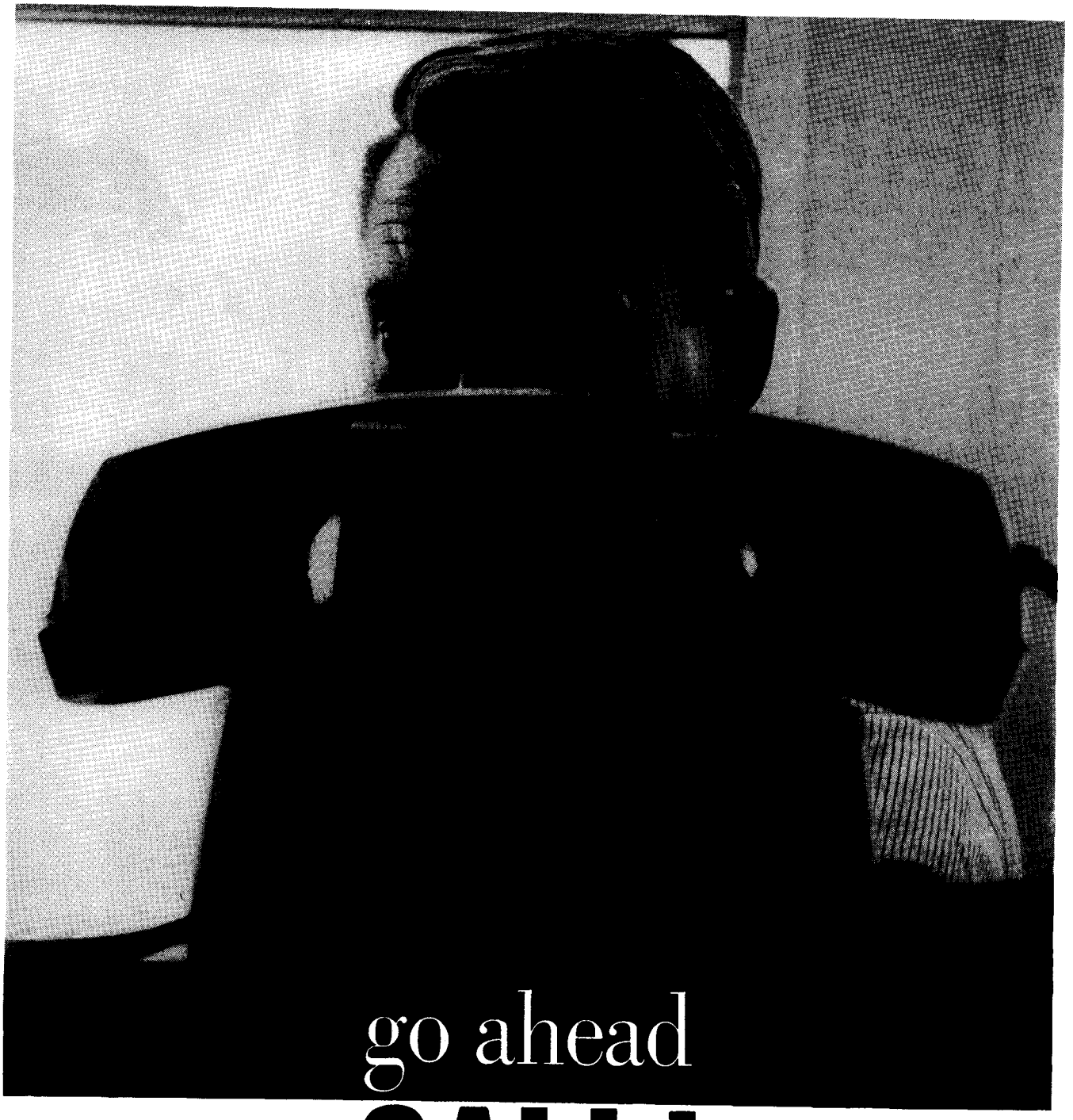

go ahead CALL!

the fastest cure for worry about cancer: a call to your doctor now!

Scared? You shouldn't be! Look at it this way. The average man who walks into the doctor's office walks out floating. That lump that was so frightening . . . *nothing* to worry about at all! The sky's bluer, the air's sweeter, it's a great big beautiful day . . . because he picked up that phone and called!

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So go ahead... call. See your doctor now. And after your checkup—how about a check for the American Cancer Society? Every dollar sends us further along the road to cure. And when *that* happens . . . it's going to be a wonderful day for us all! Send your check to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

China Lobby—New Style

At lunch the other day representatives of San Francisco's Chamber of Commerce and Harry Bridges's Longshoremen sat down to talk over a headache they have in common. What disrupted the normal cat-and-dog relationship between the two groups was our administration's stubbornness in continuing the ban on trade with Communist China when such trade could be helpful to the union and profitable to the local business community.

Bridges's men have never made a secret of their position: The China trade means more shipping, and more shipping means more jobs for longshoremen. But the Chamber of Commerce leaders have had to move more discreetly, filled though they may be with dreams of transpacific business even more extensive than the prewar trade. San Francisco, after all, is the home of Senator William F. Knowland, leading citizen, Presidential aspirant, and Chiang Kai-shek's apostle to the Americans.

With the union about to dispatch a delegation to Washington to lobby against the embargo, the chamber thought it well to brief its new brothers-in-arms on the feeling of the business community. As one businessman put it, "Obviously, we're not hurting China when every other nation is trading with her."

So here we are now: A new China Lobby has come into existence to counterbalance the old one of the Formosa Firsters. We simply register the fact with aesthetic detachment, for we are sticklers for symmetry and are pleased to see that each China Lobby has its Bridges.

Who's in Charge?

One of the baffling aspects of Mr. Eisenhower's latter-day leadership is his penchant for adding hurdles to the already insuperable difficulties of being President. Last winter, for example, his little sermonettes on the need for economy in government, abetted by those of Secretary Humphrey, helped precipitate a wholesale Congressional assault on the budget which he was then obliged to stave off. Now, in his speech to the Governors' Conference at Williamsburg, he seems intent on stirring into a mighty conflagration the states righters' fiery opposition to all things emanating from the nation's capital. Indeed, his very vocabulary was replete with the phrases of that cynical group—the "rich uncle" in Washington, the "freight charges" on money "being hauled from the states to Washington and back. . . ."

The President said he wanted to do something about it. He proposed to the governors that they help set up a joint committee that would recommend specific Federal programs to be transferred to the states and specific tax moneys to accompany them. From sources close to Eisenhower, including former Governor of Arizona Howard Pyle, one of his administrative assistants, came word that he was in deadly earnest about this appeal to the governors to peel off a few functions from the Federal government.

Curiously, the President mentioned only briefly that four years ago, at another Governors' Conference, he had proposed very much the same thing. He had then appointed Meyer Kestnbaum to head the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, which spent a couple of years and a couple of million dollars studying the problem and came up with a voluminous report two years before the Williamsburg speech. The Kestnbaum Commission, after grappling with the intricate factors involved in Federal-state relations, failed to recommend a single transferal of the type Eisenhower seems to think is needed. The report amounted pretty much to a defense of the status quo.

There is doubt, too, whether the

OF MOSS AND MEN

"'Very strong evidence' that a form of life might exist on Mars was reported today to a major astronomical meeting. It was said that the life was far more likely moss than man."

—*New York* Times, *June 19*

Dear Brother Mars, turn earthward with your gaze
And see yourself reflected in our ways—
The same bisecting lines (canals, or roads?),
The gaseous vapors (talk?), the green and blue
Patches (of earth and ocean?) and now in view
A sign of life—but is it moss or men
That baffles your celestial acumen?
Look closely, Mars, and see organic sloth,
A saturated, rank, and passive growth
That sprouts abnormal shoots, some poisonous,
Some beautiful—and you will look at us.
But keep observing, for if we turn red,
Like you, it means that moss and men are dead.

—SEC

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governors, in their heart of hearts, really hope very much for such transferals. Last year, the House Government Operations Committee sent them a detailed questionnaire on the subject. The answers that came in showed overwhelming support for the present Federal grant-in-aid technique.

It would have been more useful if instead of talking about a "rich uncle" the President had talked like a Dutch uncle in discussing realistically the problems faced by government today. He might have pointed out, for example, that while America's major social problems arise among the overwhelming majority of the population concentrated in urban communities, the state governments are, without notable exception, dominated by the rural counties. His reference to a "two-pronged assault upon the state echelon of government" fails to take into account the long-unheeded state assault upon city rights (see the article on Atlanta in this issue).

The President also could have noted that so long as both political parties deem it worthwhile to dispense farm subsidies on the present scale, it would be the royal road to bankruptcy if the sparsely settled agricultural states were to be given the "right" to pay for it themselves. A key feature of the farm program, like most other Federal aid programs, is the geographic redistribution of our unevenly distributed national wealth. To let the states do it means for many parts of the country not to do it at all.

It is fantastic for the President to speak of freight charges for hauling money to Washington and back when the costs are for Federal supervision, Federally imposed minimum standards, and the like. So far as we can learn, nobody has made an analysis of the actual cost of collecting and dispensing money on a national as compared to a forty-eight-individual-state basis. It stands to reason that there are substantial economies.

There is, of course, much that is appealing about the idea of decentralization, although clearly the hope of the future lies in regional arrangements rather than in purely state ones. When he has retired from office we wish Mr. Eisenhower long years as an elder statesman in which he can stir up interest in redressing the balance among the various governments in this country. Right now, as President, he has more pressing responsibilities—school aid, a civil-rights bill, and a few other national obligations.

Reporters Beware

Loyd Wright, chairman of the Commission on Government Security, which has just produced an 807-page report, is a short, white-haired man who has a habit of rolling his eyes when he is being thoughtful. He has had to do considerable eye-rolling recently, particularly because of that portion of his report which would impose fine and imprisonment on those who wilfully communicate classified information. At his press conference announcing the release of the report, Mr. Wright highlighted this particular section by remarking that there had been instances of such abuse by the press which should have been prosecuted. Would Mr. Wright cite specific instances, asked the reporters, ever alert to anything affecting their occupational hazards. Mr. Wright promised that in due time he would.

We called on Mr. Wright in his commission office tucked away in a corner of the mammoth General Accounting Office Building. He reported that he was nearing completion of the list of particulars he had promised the press. He was vexed, however, because he had wanted to obtain copies of the government documents from which information was purloined, but had been unable to get them declassified. "It's a lot of damned nonsense," said Mr. Wright, expressing a sentiment reporters have felt on more than one occasion.

But Mr. Wright stood firm on his basic contention. "You reporters have no more right to take the law in your own hands and say that the Secretary of Defense or the AEC doesn't know what it's doing and you will print it than if you had got hold of General Eisenhower's plans for the invasion of Normandy and published them." In fact, it was worse for news disseminators to pass out confidential information than for the ordinary individual. "It is ten thousand times as destructive for Drew Pearson to print something than for me to tell three or four people. It's like the atomic bomb."

Mr. Pearson evidently ranked high in Mr. Wright's black book. "The day I wrote my concluding statement," he said, "Pearson started out his column, 'This is confidential but I am going to print it just the same.' Of course what he said wasn't so important, but that kind of usurpation of government prerogative by anyone is wrong, I don't care who it is."

We agreed that in matters of purely technical information such a stricture would seem desirable. But what about the reporter who is covering, for example, the disarmament story? How could he relate the political pulling and hauling going on within this administration without verging into forbidden territory? For Mr. Wright the problem was not a complicated one. "If the reporter has no reason to think that the information is classified, he can use it. It is the intent that counts." Presumably the reporter should be prepared to endure a court trial to find out.

The proposed legislation was not intended to cover only the press, Wright assured me. "It will apply to senators and congressmen as much as to you and me." Wouldn't this result in the indefinite concealment of information that really ought not to be secret? "If any of us is dissatisfied with a classification we should go to the head man," he answered. "Before I decided to use information, if I were a reporter, I would go to Jim Hagerty and say 'Look, Jim, this is wrong,' and I'd give my reasons. This is the normal constitutional way of getting at the problem."

But what about the tremendous volume of confidential disclosures which, as James Reston of the New York *Times* had pointed out, reporters had wilfully published, resulting in much-needed airing of important government policies? Would such distinguished reporters as Reston and Arthur Krock be put in jail? Mr. Wright chuckled at the very thought. "Yes, if they did it after the law was passed."

Mr. Wright rolled his eyes again. "If we have got to have this damned security program we need a thorough one. If we've got to err, we ought to err in favor of the nation until someone can take a look."

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CORRESPONDENCE

SPLINTERS AND STABILITY

To the Editor: Canada is by no means as "splintered" as your editorial Note of June 27 suggests. Conservatives and Liberals are by no means far apart. In foreign policy they are almost identical twins, though the former appear to have a somewhat stronger Commonwealth leaning than the latter. When Parliament meets you will find that a majority of Liberals are likely to support middle-of-the-road Conservative legislation, and their leader, Mr. St. Laurent, has already said that he is not there to "obstruct." Mr. Diefenbaker will get splinter-group support on such legislation as higher old-age pensions, farm relief, and social benefits generally, including lower taxation. But what has happened here is in no way comparable to France.

In respect to "stability," in the opinion of political-minded Canadians and all Uncle Sam's friends and allies, the United States is in no position to criticize other countries' instability while Congress remains the unstable body that it is. The United States has more splinter groups within its two parties than I can name. Here we at least know who the splinters are, because they are labeled and follow predictable lines.

LESLIE ROBERTS
Montreal

(For a further report on Canadian politics, see page 22.)

SEX AND CENSURE

To the Editor: I am vain enough to have read Marya Mannes's review of my book *The Decline and Fall of Sex* ("In Defense of Love," *The Reporter*, June 13) more than once—but, I trust, humble enough to wonder if I deserve every word of it.

Anyway, it was heartening to receive commendation from an author whose writing I have enjoyed for several years, and whose literary skills appear to me to be of the finest order.

Meanwhile, I have been waiting for someone to denounce me as an insufferable puritan. But if people like Miss Mannes and Charles Rolo and Reinhold Niebuhr see that I am simply trying to talk like a human being, then I am well content.

ROBERT E. FITCH
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's denunciation of modern literature was both unexpected and disappointing. She condemns Simone de Beauvoir and Ernest Hemingway and suggests William Shakespeare as a non-scatological ideal. On these terms I see little difference between Shakespeare and Tennessee Williams. When one considers such writers as Aristophanes, Rabelais, James Joyce, William Faulkner, Thomas Mann, and André Malraux, one sees that Miss Mannes's limitations are truly limiting. A moral writer is one who wrestles with problems of human conduct; he need not meet my notions of propriety nor Miss Mannes's nor those of the National Organization for Decent Literature. Considered so, Simone de Beauvoir is as moral as Shakespeare. I join Miss Mannes in deploring the *mystique de la merde*, but beg her to be more careful in deciding which writers are obsessed by this *mystique* and which are not.

ALLEN GUTTMANN
Minneapolis

To the Editor: Huzzah for Dr. Fitch and Miss Mannes! To combine intelligence, morality, and humor in a treatise on sex takes rare ability. If Dr. Fitch has succeeded in book as well as Miss Mannes in her review, his contribution is great indeed. Thanks for saying well what needs to be said!

(The Rev.) DAVID W. PREUS
Trinity Lutheran Church
Vermillion, South Dakota

CAN WAR BE CONTROLLED?

To the Editor: After the splendid article "Clouds from Nevada" in your May 16 issue, I was appalled by the obtuseness of Henry A. Kissinger's "Controls, Inspection, and Limited War" in the June 13 *Reporter*.

It is a curious sort of progress that we have made in our military thinking over the past few decades which argues that anything less than the maximum possible horror is somehow civilized. Each new war since the First World War has brought an increase of "acceptable" horror.

When we have reached the point of wantonly destroying the lives of innocent civilians as a tactical measure for intimidating an enemy government, we have already removed war from any civilized limitation as it would have been defined a few years ago, and as it was practiced from the end of the Thirty Years' War to the beginning of this century.

If a traditionally humane and democratic country like the United States has proved itself capable of the wanton killing of Japanese civilians—that is, in military terms, of using its ultimate weapon to score an advantage over an enemy power—is it not fatuous to suppose that a country which in peacetime was so immoral as to inflict political terrorism and forced famine on its own people (as the U.S.S.R. did in the 1930's) would deliberately refrain from using its deadliest weapons in the event of a major war?

I submit, then, that Mr. Kissinger's proposal, which closely resembles another recently made by Admiral Buzzard in Great Britain, is as unrealistic as it is immoral. It is a dangerous kind of head-in-the-sand thinking refusing to face the blunt fact that we *are* finally faced with the alternatives of total peace or total war. It is no longer possible to expand military thinking in the direction or scoring an advantage, when the potential belligerents have at their disposal the means to destroy all life on earth and still have unused weapons left over when everyone is dead.

If it is argued that since no one *wants* to destroy humanity, no one will do it, we need only go back to the time of Alfred Nobel, who believed that his invention of dynamite would make war "too horrible." Now we speak glibly of megatons and kilotons.

Both history and science have given ample warning. The choice *is* total, and the sooner we begin allocating funds and assigning men to the formidable task of building a durable peace on a nonmilitary basis, the greater will be our chances of survival. The old military nostrums just won't work any more.

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER
Assistant Director
Fellowship Publications
Nyack, New York

TO OUR READERS

As our regular readers know, two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 11 issue your next copy will be dated August 8. That will be followed by the September 5 issue, when our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed. The dropping of the two issues—which would have been dated July 25 and August 22—does not affect the number of issues each subscriber receives.

ONE MAN'S MOOD

To the Editor: Exactly how much of a study did Roland Gelatt ("Music You Don't Even Have to Listen To," *The Reporter*, May 16) make about the purchase of "mood music" and the uses thereof? Choice of musical selections for listening to or "not listening to" (I doubt the latter) is dependent to a high degree on personal preference based on social and educational background as well as on mood. Needless to say, many of us who buy—and listen to—mood music also buy and listen to Beethoven, Bach, Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Ravel, etc.

I have not noticed the jackets of mood-music albums to be any more sexy than the current trend of bosomy advertising seems to call for—less, in fact. Music may not really soothe the savage breast of a jungle animal, but why condemn or look down your nose at the kind of music that produces an auditory pleasure which facilitates the need and function of the moment, whether it be caressing your loved one or building a doghouse in the basement?

If Mr. Gelatt will examine some of this mood music a bit more closely he will possibly discover some of the old masters very properly included, and perhaps open up to himself another area of listening enjoyment. Look again, Mr. Gelatt; mood music is indeed well listened to!

J. S. BERGER
Overland, Missouri

To the Editor: Believe it or not, in the record department of our public library we actually have a mood-music album straightfacedly titled "Music for Listening"!

JACK FOSTER
Santa Monica, California

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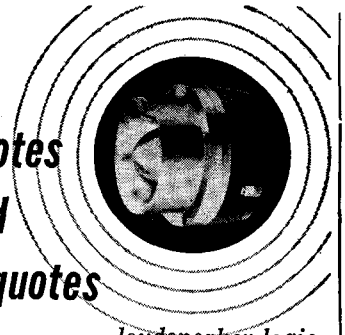

notes and quotes

loudspeaker logic for the newcomer to **high fidelity**

PART III

why enclose your loudspeaker?

JBL #C34 folded horn enclosure

Any loudspeaker must be mounted in an engineered acoustical enclosure if it is to reproduce low notes. The loudspeaker and its enclosure are considered as a unit and are called a "loudspeaker system". Externally, a loudspeaker enclosure has the shape of a box. The best enclosures are made with fine hardwoods, beautifully finished, and handsomely designed. And yet, an acoustical enclosure is much more than either a box or a piece of furniture.

The acoustical enclosure should be physically separated from the other components in your true high fidelity system.

The size, shape, materials used, and details of enclosure construction are all-important in determining the degree of realism with which your loudspeaker will reproduce music. Simply screwing a loudspeaker to a board with a hole in it, and nailing this into an existing piece of furniture is not the proper way to enclose a loudspeaker.

The enclosure determines the smoothness with which a loudspeaker reproduces sound, the efficiency with which it operates, the limits of low frequency reproduction, the accuracy and fidelity with which it reproduces bass instruments, and the freedom from distortion with which the low end is reproduced.

There are two general types of enclosures which have proved most satisfactory for most home loudspeaker installations. These are the bass reflex enclosures and the folded horns. Which type you choose will depend entirely upon your personal preference and taste.

There is, today, no satisfactory substitute for bigness in a loudspeaker enclosure. Reflex cabinet or horn, a certain amount of physical volume is necessary for honest bass reproduction.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., makes a large variety of reflex and folded horn acoustical enclosures. They are offered in a wide choice of woods and finishes. One can be chosen which is exactly right for your purpose. They are engineered to realize the full potential of high precision JBL Signature loudspeakers – the best available anywhere in the world. They can be seen and listened to in the demonstration room of the audio specialist in your community. For his name and address, and a free JBL Signature catalog, mail us a card or letter. If you missed the first two articles in this series, ask and they will be sent to you.

every note a perfect quote

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EDITOR turned himself into a reporter when he went to Israel, and certainly didn't hand himself a soft assignment. In covering that huge little country **Max Ascoli** talked to many people—from cabinet ministers to the most recent immigrants—and is very grateful to all of them for the help they gave him.

OUR LAST ISSUE reported on the fight for the Fifteenth Amendment as waged in Congress and at polling places throughout the South. We came to the conclusion that nearly all civil rights begin with and depend upon the right to vote. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor and a Southerner himself, illustrates this point dramatically with a description of improving race relations in Atlanta, where Negroes now vote in nearly the same ratio to their total population as whites do.

The results of the recent Canadian election apparently astonished the pollsters and prognosticators nearly as much as our own performance in 1948. Some of the forces that produced the upset are described by **G. Gerald Harrop,** who teaches Biblical Studies at the Divinity School of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. . . . The Editor wishes that the pressure of other work had not prevented him from commenting on the important recent decisions of the Supreme Court—but is pleased to discover that **Eric Sevareid,** as usual, has said a great deal of what needs to be said. . . . Aneurin Bevan, whom even some members of his own party used to dismiss as a sort of glorified gadfly, has steadied down considerably of late, according to **Barbara Vereker,** a free-lance British journalist. Some people are even beginning to take seriously his chances for the prime ministership. . . . There have been many changes at the New York *Herald Tribune* in the last two years under the leadership of an astonishingly young editor who bears a name greatly respected in American journalism. Not everyone has been pleased by what "Brownie" Reid has done, but we wish him luck. He will need it if the *Tribune* is to live up to its century-old reputation as one of the nation's fine newspapers. **Robert K. Massie** is a New York journalist. . . . Competent legal advice is an essential part of the citizen's right to a fair trial. The article by **Irene Soehren,** a free-lance writer, tells of the efforts that have been made by a number of prominent lawyers to see that neither unpopularity nor poverty shall deny a defendant the full benefits of due process.

THE CURRENT relaxation of international tension is especially gratifying to **Gore Vidal,** who is resigned to the fact that even an indifferent sort of shooting war would have disastrous results at the box office of his Broadway hit, *A Visit to a Small Planet,* which satirizes some of the martial virtues. Mr. Vidal's article in this issue will appear as the preface to the published version of his play, soon to be brought out by Little, Brown. . . . **Ray Alan,** who usually writes for us about the Middle East, maintains his permanent residence in France, where, as he points out, local political activity is certainly no less vigorous than it is elsewhere in the world—and where there's a lot more fun. . . . **Jay Harrison,** who writes about a recording session with Leonard Bernstein, is music critic for the *Herald Tribune.*

Our cover, which emphasizes the colors of the Israeli flag, shows Israeli soldiers and civilians performing the horra, a national folk dance. It was painted by **Al Blaustein,** who visited Israel before returning to this country from Italy, where he spent two years as the holder of a Prix de Rome.

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THE REPORTER
THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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"Mr. Teddy likes milk too..."

Frail little Heide is worried about her teddy bear. She likes to pretend to feed him but there is often not even enough food for hungry Heide herself. Her delicate health is a result of her mother's malnutrition before Heide's birth, and a totally inadequate diet ever since. After Heide's father was killed, life became so desperate that she and her mother made a nightmare escape from behind the Iron Curtain into West Germany.

Heide's courageous mother has found work as a weaver, but her pitifully small wages cannot possibly provide Heide with enough clothing or the proper food. This woman's heart cries out for the help that only someone like you can give.

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There are 5,000 overseas children like Heide who, thanks to the generosity of American friends, are sponsored through Save the Children Federation and receive a variety of food benefits, clothing and many other essentials. You can have a child of your own for only $10 a month—$120 a year. You receive a photograph and story of your child and may correspond with the child and the family. Won't you please help?

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Notes on Israel

MAX ASCOLI

A visit to Israel is no joy ride for a political analyst—particularly when it happens to be the first visit. There is too much that cries to be seen, and too much that is hidden; too much that is admirable, indeed exalting; too much that is bewildering and, at first, shocking. But most of what is shocking turns out to be caused by the fact that the Israelis have given a peculiar content to ideas so familiar to us that we have come to think of them as endowed with unquestionable, abiding significance. This is the case with political parties, trade unions, government, and even nation. Sometimes I had the feeling that this applies even to what over here we consider a fact of the type William James called stubborn and irreducible.

This does not necessarily mean that we—or the Israelis—are wrong, or that it is just a question of semantics. But it does mean that an effort is required to correlate our values and those of the Israelis. In these days of summer traveling, you can see ads in the papers about simple pocketable gadgets that tell you quickly how much a given amount of foreign currency is worth in dollars. But there are no such gadgets for the ideological rates of exchange.

Yet the difference between our standards of political and ideological values and those of the other democracies is increasing, just as the number of new and different experiments with democracy all over the world is increasing. Perhaps we are paying the price for having had our revolution well before everybody else.

It is distressing for one who flies across the Atlantic every year to realize that the less the number of hours it takes to cross the ocean, the fewer are the points of reference that the American traveler finds he has in common with his European friends. The more comfortable the crossing, the more uncomfortable the stay. Worries and doubts start haunting the traveler's mind abroad and don't leave him even when he is back home.

In my own case, one particular obsession stayed with me: the fear that America's leadership of the free world may become something very similar to the U.S. supremacy in baseball, evidenced every year by the fact that an American team wins what we still call—of all things—the World Series.

The need could not be more urgent: We ought to follow as closely as we can what old and new democracies have done to values that in our country we do not bother to reexamine or maybe to understand. This is why our diplomats, our economists—even our political analysts—had better keep on the road as much as they can and endure the acute discomfort of traveling.

Israel, as a very new and very old country, is a particularly intriguing and bothersome place to visit. It has troubled me deeply, both when I was there and since I came back. But I don't know whether I ever had a more rewarding time. I am deeply grateful to Israel for being the country it is, and for the trouble it has given me.

The Ingathering Of the Exiles

The first shock in Israel was to realize how misleading is the notion that the country is small—in fact, approximately the size of Massachusetts. The distance from Dan to Beersheba is 175 miles, a five-hour drive. From Tel Aviv to Haifa is sixty miles. If from Beersheba the traveler wants to venture to Elath, he can do it by jeep in four hours or by air in one hour from the Lydda airport. But Israel is not a country to fly over or to speed through. If you look at the map from north to south, you see such names as Tiberias, Nazareth, Armageddon. You see where the hills of Samaria are and the Carmel Range and the hills of Ephraim. Israel has excellent roads, and more are being built all the time, partly for strategic reasons, partly for unemployment relief. But there is too much history all along those roads, and you don't know how to take in enough of what you see, or to connect it with what you remember.

Yet even the legacy of time past, the somewhat obsessive sense that distance is multiplied by time, was not half as stirring to me as the faces of the people I saw in the crowded streets of Tel Aviv and its suburbs. You can never drive slowly enough, or, for that matter, walk slowly enough. The color of the hair and of the skin, the bearing, the light in the eyes of the people around you are so astonishingly different and varied that only by stopping and talking to each one of them, and asking how, and from where, and when did they or their parents come to Israel—only that way can you do justice to the men and women you see. You feel somewhat swamped and lost. There may or may not be an Israeli people. But all those people in Israel are an amazing assortment of samples from all the countries and civilizations of the earth.

You can guess the national origin of some of them. The lean, brown bearded man you see must be from Yemen; that sturdy peasant from Kurdistan. Certainly that young woman with close-cropped hair and an air of ruthless determination

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must be an intellectual from Germany. The slender, slant-eyed kids marching after that stocky, blond girl in shorts must be from North Africa

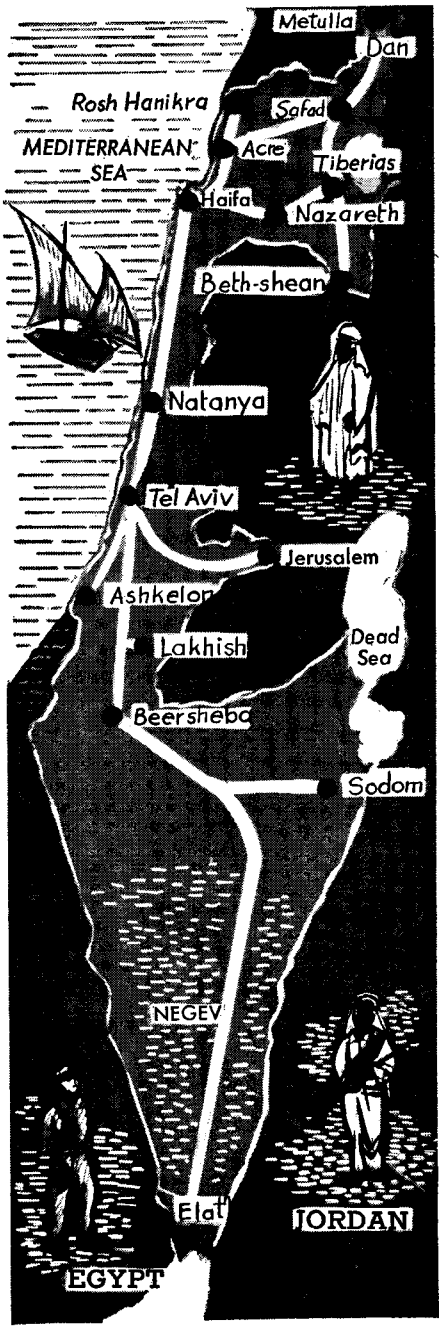
ALL THOSE men and women moving past you have been called—or cursed—by the same name. As long as they were scattered all over the world, the sameness of that name, plus a few common traditions and religious practices, seemed to be enough to identify world Jewry. In Israel, the land where many of them have ended their Diaspora, the fantastic heterogeneity of what is called world Jewry hits you between the eyes.

The language most of them talk is Hebrew. Their own faith or other peoples' hate has uprooted them from the lands where most of them were born. Or else they have been brought into Israel by immemorial fear or Biblical hope. Those born in Israel are a sort of race apart, and have a name of their own—Sabras. Most of the old people who have worked the hardest to set the nation going, who have fought underground and aboveground against the British and the Arabs, are now at the head of the nation. All those men and women you see may be Sabras or old pioneers or recent immigrants. Yet they all go about as if in the grip of a relentless destiny that has caught up with them.

Driving and Driven

"Israel is not a melting pot. It's a pressure cooker." I first heard this said a few hours after I arrived. Later on, so many other English-speaking Israelis repeated it that I could hardly stand it. At first I thought there might be something to it, for I sensed that an overwhelming pressure was being brought to bear on these people, but I could scarcely know the nature of the forces pressing hard on them. Later, when I started meeting people I had known in Europe long before they became Israelis, I realized that the pressure is, to an astonishing degree, self-willed. These people not only lend themselves to the forces that remold them, but they want these forces to operate quickly, and they help them along with all their will power.

The first new Israelis I met belonged to the intellectual or professional classes. But among many people I became acquainted with later—intellectuals or nonintellectuals—I found the same eagerness to do away with the past, to speak only Hebrew, to become thoroughly Israeli in habits, inclinations, and instincts. I was amazed when I realized how people from a European country, all friends or business associates who came to Israel at approximately the same time, stick to Hebrew even when they are among themselves. If the presence of someone who is not Hebrew-speaking obliges them to relapse into their native language, at the moment of parting they never fail to say "shalom" to each other, as if in atonement.



There are, of course, exceptions—lumps of old habits that resist the furious energy of the pressure cooker. But not for long. By and large, the immigrants are grimly, tirelessly determined to become self-made Israelis. Toward this goal they are driving hard, and to this goal they are driven. This makes communication with them rather difficult sometimes, for their inflexible determination to lose whatever of the non-Israeli self may have remained in them renders them rather self-centered and touchy. You quickly learn not to ask how they have managed to remake themselves so thoroughly, for you get the same stereotyped Pollyanna story. In the same way you quickly learn that it is not good manners to ask a Sabra where his folks came from. A Sabra is a Sabra—and everybody wants to behave like one.

The Answer to Anti-Semitism

Just at the outskirts of Tel Aviv, there are large patches of cultivated land where the soil has been almost literally man-made: swamps that were reclaimed by the pioneers, or rocky hills terraced with clods of earth the pioneers carried on their backs and shaped with their own hands. You see miles of orange groves, blossoming now because rocks have been carried away and water piped in.

A relentless energy went into this work. The men and women who did it were self-made agriculturists, for whom work on the land, no matter how hard and risky, was a means to an end. The end was that of giving to anti-Semitism an answer that would last for all time.

These men and women were Zionists. They believed that what two thousand years had done to people called Jews could be undone. Anti-Semitism, by shaking or breaking in many a land the ties that link the Jews to their fellow countrymen, set large groups of Jews once more on the move. For the Zionists, the move could lead only to Zion.

Zionism quickly learned how to shepherd the victims of anti-Semitism toward Zion. Sometimes it arrived too late, when only a remnant

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of what had been huge Jewish national communities was left to be rescued. It had little or no chance in those countries where anti-Semitism had been latent or mild and the roots of the Jews in the land of their birth could not be broken. The two extremes of massive annihilation and of peaceful, gradual assimilation left Zionism with a large intermediate zone where it could operate. It did operate—and the results can be seen in Israel.

WHICH DID MORE to bring immigrants to Israel—Zionism or anti-Semitism? This question is not welcome to those men who laid down the foundations of Israel during the British mandate and who still lead it. One day I was telling a prominent Israeli leader that in his country I had realized, as never before, the horrid power of anti-Semitism in so many parts of the world. He answered angrily that in Israel I could see the evidence of a faith, not of a hatred. "Zionism and anti-Semitism," he said, "have nothing to do with each other."

I told him that after all there must have been some relation between the two, since Theodor Herzl, the founder of the Zionist movement, discovered the way to Zion at the time of the Dreyfus Affair, when he saw "Death to the Jews" scribbled over the walls of Paris. I couldn't have been any more wrong, I was told, and then I listened to an angry tirade, the gist of which was that Herzl had not discovered Zionism; he had been discovered by Zionism.

This attitude is representative of Israeli leadership today. The tendency is to date back the origin of Zionism—and therefore of Israel—to the series of events, approximately two thousand years ago, that forced the Jews to move away from the land then called Judaea. The Israeli leaders want to redress the wrongs the Jewish people suffered at the hands of Greek kinglets and Roman emperors.

THESE LEADERS are a formidable lot. With trenchant relentlessness, secretiveness, and unending inventiveness, they have gotten around all obstacles, and have made their interpretation of destiny into the destiny that rules the lives of nearly two million human beings—as of now.

Zionism, this man-made destiny for people called Jews, has succeeded in making Israel—a nation dedicated to what they call the Ingathering of the Exiles. The survivors of the German concentration camps came, masses of them, nearly 150,000 of them, people who absolutely and literally had nowhere else to go. Others came, particularly after the foundation of the state—people who though in no immediate danger in their native countries were induced to migrate to Israel by prospects of a new life or by old Messianic dreams.

Actually, it is quite difficult to single out among the immigrants those for whom life out of Israel had the bitterness of exile, the D.P.s who had nowhere else to go, and those who left their native lands following the inducements of Zionism. Moreover, there are countless subcategories, and there is not much use in categorizing. The pressure cooker is well sealed, and it works fast.

As far as the Israeli state is concerned, they are all "ingathered exiles," and they are all treated accordingly. One can still find in the immigrant camps, now scattered all over Israel, Moroccans or Algerians or Iraqis who left their countries when they were facing no other danger than the continuation of their immemorial misery. The North Africans have proved to be particularly hard to assimilate. Many of them who came to Israel seven or eight years ago have not yet mastered the Hebrew language—particularly the women. Many of the men hold no steady jobs. Some of them still complain of discrimination in favor of the European Jews. But they all have enough to eat, get medical care, and their children are treated like all other children in Israel. The schools, youth organizations, and the army see to it that every boy and girl has a chance to get an education and grow strong.

When you talk to these half-assimilated refugees from the ghettos of the Middle East, you still hear plenty of gripes, but few if any expressions of regret at having come. Perhaps, they say, it was a good idea, considering the trouble the Middle East is in right now. And then it is good to have gained some seniority as Israeli citizens. Many of them who for years have lived in temporary housing or in huts have been recently moved to better quarters. Quite a number of the old huts have been torn down, but luckily enough of them were left to be patched up in a hurry. For new immigrants are coming, practically every day.

Citizens All

From May 15 to December 31, 1948, 101,819 immigrants arrived. The following year, 239,076. Then immigration started going down until in 1953 it reached a low of 10,347. In fact, in that year a slightly larger number left Israel. In 1956, immigration reached 54,925. During the first two months of 1957, there were 12,839 immigrants, and the prospect is about one hundred thousand for the year.

Israelis constantly remind you of what this figure means: In terms of our own population, they say, it would be the equivalent of ten million new immigrants to the United States.

Yet the same people who give you these frightening figures are far from frightened. This is all as it should be. Isn't it for this that the state of Israel was born? The new immigrants, you are told, come from Egypt, North Africa, and eastern Europe.

You see them now, scattered all over the country from the moment they disembark, huddled in the huts from which the immigrants of previous waves have been vacated. Some look scared. There are so many things unfamiliar to them—Hebrew inscriptions, for instance, and all the evidences of a refugee camp's dreariness. But if anything, there are even too many representatives of organizations that want to help them. Social workers are busy questioning the immigrants and filling out long questionnaires.

It is obvious that quite a number of the immigrants need radical retraining. A professional interpreter from Egypt is told that his skill is of no use in Israel, where there are already too many people with a good command of all his languages. A man from eastern Europe seems to

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be greatly excited, and the commotion quickly spreads to his family and friends: They don't want to work or live where there is anything of a communal nature—certainly not in a kibbutz and not even on a co-operative farm. Communism has made them intractable individualists.

You don't know whether you feel more sorry for the immigrants, those people whose only guilt is their race, or for the social workers who have to play God to all these pitiful human beings.

PART of what you see is the usual routinized tragedy of all refugee camps. In Israel, however, one thing is unique: These people are not refugees, not immigrants; they are all "ingathered exiles." No matter whether they are Zionists who at long last reach the country of their dream or Zionists by default, they are all Israelis from the moment they land. Indeed, their birth entitled them to Israeli citizenship. The Israeli political parties have been competing for their vote ever since their journey to Israel started.

I could not help being shaken by the fantastic disproportions between that majestic phrase—"the Ingathering of the Exiles"—and the human beings before my eyes to whom it is applied. Those people, aside from getting settled in a new land, have to erase two thousand years of history. The leaders of the state of Israel, for that matter all those who have made themselves into Israelis, are in deadly earnest when they welcome the new immigrant with that majestic phrase. The newcomers will be driven hard, soon will start driving themselves hard, so that some time they can start feeling that they have come home after an exile of two thousand years.

Or, if not they, their children.

And Where Else . . .?

The Israeli declaration of independence says it: "The State of Israel will be open to the immigration of Jews from all countries of their dispersion."

During the first three or four years this law was lived up to in the most literal sense, with no exception on grounds of age or sickness or previous record. Israel has been paying very dearly for those first few years of thoroughly unselective immigration.

Now, while the general principle remains in full force, immigration of people who are hopelessly sick or insane or have no way of becoming self-supporting is somehow discouraged. To a limited extent, the discouraging is done by the Israeli consulates abroad, and more directly by the Jewish Agency, which pays the passage and provides assistance for the immigrants.

Yet the Israeli authorities usually become self-conscious and evasive when you ask them about the criteria of selectivity—as if there were something both illegal and immoral in keeping away any Jew who wants to come to Israel.

There are still situations where immigration is perforce entirely unselective, as when large numbers of Jews are suddenly expelled from a country—Egypt's recent action is an instance.

Such situations and, in general, the current wave of immigration find Israeli leaders both concerned and prepared. There is a gleam of pride in their eyes when they talk to you about the prospects of new immigration. Or I should say a gleam of fanaticism.

The discussions about immigration are the most unforgettable among the many I had in Israel, for invariably, even among the most con-

genial friends, at a certain moment I saw that gleam of fanaticism. I learned to expect it, and it never failed. Invariably it also happened that when they asked me, "Where else could they go?" I had no answer. The fanatics were right.

Giants In the Earth

On my first morning, I took a drive through Tel Aviv to get a first feel of that singularly unplanned and oppressively unattractive city. It was quite clear that it just grew, with two or three main streets and without a center to which its growth could be anchored. It must have taken some effort, I thought, to build such an ugly city on such a beautiful Mediterranean coastline. But then I remembered that frenetic improvisation is evidenced in the way many other Mediterranean cities have grown—Naples included. On the outskirts, the long rows of tin and wooden shacks, with washing hanging out in the wind and swarms of poorly dressed children—all that was thoroughly Mediterranean.

I inquired about some fairly well-built apartment houses. They belong to a political party, I was told. That was my first jolt. "Are political parties in the housing business?" I asked. The answer was that they all were. Some days later, talking to a man prominent in Mapai, the right-wing socialist party and the most powerful in the nation, I asked whether Mapai too has its housing projects. "Mapai has none," I was told. The same day, I put the question to somebody else: "Is Mapai in the housing business?" The answer was "yes and no." I was to hear that answer many times during my stay in Israel.

The Business of Parties

In Israel political parties either own or control, directly or indirectly, housing projects and assorted businesses that over here could not possibly be considered as integral parts of a political machine. But then over here the organization of party politics, particularly on the national level, is a desultory affair. In Europe things are already different, since a political party, if it is to carry any weight, must have a nation-wide network of full-time paid party workers. Israel is like Europe, only much more so. For in Israel, political parties, to stay alive, must deliver something concrete, aside from patronage, to the party faithful.

There was a time when the Jewish

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political parties had their own school systems and even their own armies. Since the formation of the state, the army belongs to the nation, and the schools can, at the utmost, be controlled or influenced by parties—particularly by religious ones. Still, the management of kibbutzim, co-operatives, and other business activities is the object of lively party competition. Each party must offer some measure of social assistance to its members, and therefore must have in its coffers more funds than the membership dues can contribute.

Having learned this much about the parties, I started to inquire about the party label not only of individuals and municipalities but also of factories, kibbutzim, co-operatives, local and national public services, and so on. I got to know a number of things. One was that all Israeli parties, officially or unofficially, have their network of business establishments and public services for the benefit of the faithful. Second, I did not hear of any politician who had got fat at the expense of the party faithful or the public at large: Austerity is still the rule in Israeli public life. Third, I learned that while the struggle between parties can be exceedingly bitter when it comes to conquering the management of a kibbutz or a branch of local government, on the national level the fight is not too venomous, and is seldom waged on basic issues.

As all the parties are made more or less of the same stuff and indulge in the same practices, they have a great deal to keep silent about. Moreover, they are all minority parties and their interests, of necessity, become interrelated and interdependent. Even the Herut, which is not in coalition with any party at any level, is not very obstreperous.

The parties in Israel, I came to realize, are not primarily designed to provide the voters with alternative sets of leaders for local and national government. Rather each one of them is a little government in being. In some ways they are closer to our states than to our parties, and the very active defense of party rights is the Israeli equivalent of our perennial fight for states' rights.

The national government, which is only nine years old, has taken over all those functions that could not possibly be left to parties without courting chaos—like defense, national finances, and foreign relations. On this last point, however, there is a zone of "yes and no," for each party cultivates its friends abroad.

THE SINGULAR cohesiveness of each party structure and the essential similarity among these structures give the state, as of now, a somewhat federal nature. Some of the most wide-awake national leaders are not too happy about this state of affairs. Ben Gurion himself is credited with having frequently warned against the dangers of "party totalitarianism." Indeed, he went so far as to propose the abolition of proportional representation. He wants to have the politicians freer of their party's bureaucracy and more responsible to new geographic constituencies. Should he have his way, the present party system would be shaken to its foundations, and the reputation Ben Gurion has already gained as a founder of the new Israel would be further enhanced by that of a miracle maker.

While we wait for the miracle it is only fair to recognize that the peculiar party system still prevailing in that peculiar country has some positive things to its credit. It has not prevented sizable shifts of popular opinion, as the last elections proved, when Mapai, Ben Gurion's party, received 32.2 per cent of the popular vote, as compared to 37.3 per cent in the previous election. Moreover, the party system has concontributed to the stability of the country by establishing a multiple system of ties: The ties of the citizen with his party and of the parties among themselves have tightened the ties between the citizens and their state. With the single exception of the insignificant Communist Party, all parties are intensely patriotic and bring their pressures to bear on the new immigrant in order to strengthen his will to become a full-fledged Israeli.

How the Histadrut Grew

The political parties are by no means the only nuclei of semi-governmental power, nor are they the only states in being to be found in the state of Israel today. All these nuclei of power—political parties included—have been deliberately, assiduously constructed by that extraordinary group of men and women who made the last half century of what has now become Israeli history. There is no way of understanding what has been going on in the nine years since the state was founded unless we focus our attention on what Zionist leaders did in Palestine during the four previous decades—and particularly the last two.

These men and women wanted a Jewish state in Palestine, and everything they did, no matter how called or disguised, was aimed at making the state inevitable. At first during the Ottoman rule, later with vastly increased vigor under the British mandate which recognized the establishment of a Jewish national home, every Zionist undertaking in Palestine was conceived and carried out as a center of political power.

Or maybe one can say of sovereign power. This was eminently the case with the kibbutzim. Each of these was much more than a farming unit designed to retrain Jews in the cultivation of the land. They were rural city-states, complete with their own system of self-government and of education, and with bastions that, if not visible, were certainly well guarded. A communal way of life, socialist ideologies apart, was mandatory for these tiny city-states. The pioneers in the kibbutzim, men and women, had no time for frills or privacy. They had to cultivate the land, to remake themselves, and to defend their ramparts.

IT WAS DURING the British mandate that the Histadrut was founded. In 1920, when it was established, it had less than five thousand members, and its name in English was General Federation of Jewish Labor. Actually, trade-unionism played about the same role in the Histadrut as did production of agricultural commodities in the kibbutzim. Its aim was statehood.

The Histadrut had to fight at first against Jewish employers, who preferred the cheaper Arab labor. Once that hurdle was cleared, it started creating revenue-producing businesses that could keep its members at work. It succeeded thanks to the austerity

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of the workers themselves and to contributions from abroad. Labor and foreign contributions created capital that could be reinvested to create more labor.

For the most part, the leaders of Histadrut were socialists from eastern Europe. Quite a few called themselves Marxists, while some of them were followers of French syndicalism. But the theories of Marx or of Sorel or of Proudhon, no matter how feverishly discussed in the Histadrut's bull sessions, were somewhat incongruous, and certainly rather difficult to carry through. For there was not a state to be conquered, but a state to be made. The same applied to capital: The Histadrut had to create it.

The so-called General Federation of Jewish Labor had to take care of more than wages and conditions of employment. It had to extend its assistance to meet all the worker's needs—whether he happened to be a wage earner of a capitalistic entrepreneur or, for that matter, of the Histadrut. This meant medical, political, and spiritual assistance. Membership in the Histadrut became citizenship in a workers' welfare state. The unofficial, somewhat underground government of the Histadrut had also to take care of foreign affairs: It needed financial assistance from non-Palestinian Jews, and it had to do its share in taking care of the immigrants who, lawfully or unlawfully, were coming into Palestine.

Finally, the Histadrut had to take care of fighting—and not just around the bargaining table. It had very much to do with the Haganah, the secret army of the not yet born Jewish state. Most of the Histadrut's activities grew one on top of the other, and one because of the other. During the years of the British mandate it had to act somewhat secretly and without too much publicity as to aims, costs, and results.

AT THE BEGINNING of the Second World War, that so-called federation of labor had under its wing not only a group of federated trade unions but also a health service for all its members—including those who were self-employed—a central cooperative marketing society, fishing settlements, the largest contracting firm in the Middle East, an educational system, banks, credit corporations, insurance funds, et cetera. The "et cetera" should be underlined, for it included, among other things, a private system of justice for the settlement of disputes among Histadrut members, who did not like to bring their litigation to regular courts.

Even the most pro-Zionist among the British leaders could not help recognizing that there was something quite peculiar about Histadrut —something very much like a state. Yet even today you find Israeli leaders who still bristle with anger when they remember that in 1930 Sidney Webb, by that time Lord Passfield—that British imperialist, they call him —had the nerve to write in a British White Paper that the Histadrut was a state within the state. Incidentally, this definition was not too appropriate considering that under the British mandate Palestine was not much of a state.

When war came, however, the Histadrut's giant contracting firm, Solel Boneh, was of considerable help to the British government. It undertook large, dangerous public works in Iran, Iraq, Cyprus, in fact all through the Middle East. When Rommel was on the rampage and nearly broke through at El Alamein, Solel Boneh was in Egypt building fortifications very close to the fighting line. During the war, the underground soldiers of the Haganah came out into the open and joined up with the British Army. A strong unit was formed, the Jewish Brigade, that fought well for the liberation of Italy.

Toward Sovereignty

Another organization with rather transparently sovereign attributes was working in Palestine: the Jewish Agency. But the Agency was never frowned upon by the British, who considered it as the responsible representative of world Jewry. The Agency came into existence in 1929 as a result of an agreement between Zionist and not-so-Zionist Jews all over the world, and its principal aim, according to the 1937 Royal Commission on Palestine, was "to secure the admission into Palestine of as many Jews as the country can absorb from the economic point of view." This was quite a big order and left considerable room for bargaining with the British on the "economic point of view." The Agency concerned itself with industrial and town development, and made its influence felt on many issues, including tariff protection. "In fact," the Royal Commission stated, "there is no branch of the Administration with which the Agency does not concern itself. . . . Speaking generally, it may be said that the Jewish Agency has used to the fullest extent the position conferred on it by the Mandate. In the course of time it has created a complete administrative apparatus. This powerful and efficient organization amounts, in fact, to a Government existing side by side with the Mandatory Government."

ALL IN ALL, thanks to the work done by the Histadrut, by the Agency, by the pioneers in the kibbutzim and in the co-operatives, by private capitalists and by philanthropists, the economic growth of Jewish Palestine proved a momentous achievement. Between 1922 and 1947, the number of factories increased more than ninefold, from 270 to 2,445. There were 71 Jewish settlements in 1922, covering a total of 1.4 million acres. In 1945, the settlements were 265, and the acreage 2.8 million. The Jewish population in Palestine was 83,790 in 1922 and 563,829 in 1945.

Figures, however, can give only an inaccurate indication of the growth in power. The same men had been directing the growth of all the centers of self-regulating, self-expanding power, and the men at the top, the leaders of Zionism, never had any doubt about the nature and the goal of the power they had tirelessly contributed to generate. The

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power they always wanted for Jewish Palestine was political, the goal was sovereignty.

The two main centers of power, of course, were the Histadrut and the Agency. In 1933, Ben Gurion, who had been until then one of the guiding spirits of Histadrut, moved to the Agency, although he never ceased to concern himself with the Histadrut. A game of musical chairs started between the top men of the two organizations.

On May 14, 1948, Jewish Palestine achieved sovereignty, and Israel was born.

A State In the Making

In 1957, all the centers of self-regulating authority whose combined pressures brought the state into being in 1948—political parties, Histadrut, Agency, kibbutzim—all are still in existence. The power of each of them and the balance of forces among them has, to be sure, greatly changed, for since 1948 there has been a national government that has had its capacity to rule tested by two wars, one in 1948-1949, the other in the fall of 1956.

The political relevance of the kibbutzim has greatly diminished. The authority of the national government, with its 49,000 civilian employees, has established itself in the fields of defense, foreign policy, national taxation and expenditures, education—briefly, in all areas a western state takes under its formal jurisdiction. Still, this Israeli state that has been since its inception under socialist leadership, and is dedicated to the austere ideal of the welfare state, has put itself in charge of austerity and has left most of the welfare activities and the socialized enterprises to the Histadrut. The Histadrut is still entrusted with extraordinarily varied functions in Israel and abroad, but not all citizens belong to it. It is not the state, but neither is it under it.

The state, as its declaration of independence formally proclaims, is dedicated to the Ingathering of the Exiles, but it has delegated a large share of the "ingathering" to the Agency. True, the state could scarcely do otherwise, since the Agency is uniquely equipped to bring in from all over the world not only "ingathereds" but also the means for their migration and succor. Still, the state contributes heavily to make the immigrants into gainfully employed, self-supporting citizens. The Histadrut itself is largely dedicated to the same purpose.

Three interlocking bureaucracies are at work. A measure of unity is provided at the upper layers by a flourish of co-ordinating committees. Israel must be a dreamland for co-ordinators and a nightmare for accountants.

Planners, too, both indigenous and imported from abroad, have been hard at work on Israel's economic problems, even before the state was born. One of the difficulties I had to overcome when I was in Israel was to reconcile all the planning I was being told about with all the improvisations that were pointed out to me.

Shortly after I arrived I was taken, like every visitor, to see Operation Lachish. The Lachish settlement project was officially launched in May, 1955. The idea, I was told, had been Ben Gurion's, at the time when he had retired from the government and was living in a remote desert kibbutz. At present, it is well beyond the blueprint stage, and one can see how the area is being developed into a single economic unit. It is designed to be an integrated agricultural and industrial community, with scattered urban hubs where all the essential administrative, shopping, and schooling facilities are to be found. There have been many such experiments all over the world in what may be called rural urbanism, or balanced development of agricultural and industrial resources.

I greatly admired Ben Gurion's inspiration, the planners who had brought it to the blueprint stage, and the Jewish Agency, which together with the Ministry of Agriculture had provided the means. But I could not help asking how come it had taken the Israeli leaders so long to get around to the Lachish idea. I put this question to five or six people, and I got five or six different answers, ranging from lack of available water to lack of funds.

Then it occurred to me that one of the reasons might have been the particular mystical mood prevailing in Israel after 1948. It took some time for the old resistance leaders to realize that the new immigrants were something quite different from the pioneers they themselves had been. The ideas of land and home had still a magic power. Of course, they thought, "ingathered exiles" would naturally and happily come to live in houses provided for them in the land of their forefathers and would happily cultivate that land. The magic did not always work and many of the houses remained empty. It was at that point that planning of the Lachish type had to be thought out. But the curious interplay between planning and improvisation goes on. In people of great faith, belief in magic dies hard.

The Private Governments

One frequently hears in Israel that democracy and feudalism somehow manage to live side by side. All the basic democratic freedoms are there: The press enjoys great freedom, the people vote and talk as they please, the courts protect the citizen's rights. On these three scores I heard few if any dissenting opinions. Yet people whom I had reason to trust gave me persuasive bills of particulars proving that a number of private governments or feudal baronies share with the national government the power of running the nation's affairs.

I must also add that some of the critics of Israeli affairs were men high in the nation's councils. There are quite a number of such men, called by the rather trite name Young Turks. Some of them are in the Knesset and in the very party of Ben Gurion, Mapai. These men do not only talk. Respect for the Great Old Man may sometimes make them cautious, but they are certainly alert and active.

When I inquired how the various baronies happened to be carved out, the answer was nearly invariably the same: They date from the time of the resistance, when the various segments of the Israeli state were shaped and assembled underground. The coagulation of existing interests that may or may not be parasitical today, the ingrained habits that may not make for efficiency or order, are

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all left over from the hard, sometimes heroic struggle at the time of the mandate. The anomalies of today have, if not their justification, their origin in great services rendered in the past.

Take the Haifa longshoremen, for instance. They seem to be a rather aggressive breed, ready to muscle in wherever their bosses think their strong-arm arguments may be persuasive. Yet it was by using strong-arm methods that the longshoremen gained their stronghold on the waterfront, at the time the British wanted to keep illegal immigration away from the shores of Israel.

A co-operative organization for the distribution and marketing of food, you are told, has succeeded in preventing the establishment of supermarkets that could substantially lower the cost of staple foods. But you also hear that the same organization did yeoman work at the time of the war of liberation in providing people with enough food to keep alive.

The waving of bloody shirts seems to be a fairly well-established practice, and sometimes the stain may not stand chemical analysis. But much more frequently the evidences of real blood are unmistakable.

From the moment the state of Israel was born it had to carry a heavy burden of past achievements and of vested interests. Or perhaps one can say of that birthday what can be said of a solemn wedding which makes unobjectionably legitimate a long, successful, and prolific common-law ménage. The Israelis are right to celebrate the anniversary of May 14, 1948, with all pomp and ceremony. But the wisest among them know it well: Their state was in existence long before that date and, as of now, is still in the making.

This does not mean that there is anything tentative or weak about this state or that it is a house divided against itself. But it does mean that the structure of the state is being built from the roof down and from the foundation up. People have different ideas as to the shape of the intermediate floors, or of the use that can be made of the superabundant cornerstones.

The Hard-Pressed Middle Class

The state, as it has been frequently proclaimed, is a socialist one. Some of the most prominent among its leaders at the time it was founded were bold enough to announce that complete socialism—whatever this may mean—was going to come in a matter of months.

Certainly the adherence to rigorous dogmas of socialist austerity has imposed a number of shackles on the Israeli economy. The tax structure, which is a complicated mixture of direct and indirect levies, is exceedingly heavy. It is, so I heard, an exceptionally crude and inelastic system that discourages saving and the accumulations of private capital. That complaint I have heard before in a few other countries.

Israeli authorities are proud of the small difference that exists between the lowest and the highest rates of pay. They talked about a ratio of four to one, but I found out that the ratio between professionals and laborers is less than two to one.

According to the July, 1956, statistics of the Bank of Israel, the daily pay of an unskilled agricultural worker in Israeli pounds is 6.2, of a civil servant 7.7, and of a highly skilled construction worker 10.3. This principle has been followed with uncomfortable consistency—uncomfortable particularly for the salaried classes. Some categories of wage earners, like the longshoremen in Haifa and the bus drivers all over the country, have managed to go higher than the average for skilled workers. Those on the high echelons of the three main bureaucracies are helped, it is said, by expense accounts and by the time-honored habit of wearing several hats. The professional classes, however—teachers, doctors, and the like—have been very hard hit. There was a strike of the intellectuals last year, but whatever the hard-pressed intellectuals have gained out of it has been lost by the increased cost of living.

The government is by no means alone in fostering social equalitarianism and economic austerity. The Histadrut, in spite of the fact that it is the biggest employer of labor, and sometimes finds itself in the embarrassing predicament of having to break the strikes of its own employees, is still primarily concerned with the welfare and job security of the wage earners. The parties that make up the government harbor different interpretations of the socialist idea, but are united in fostering socialism. And here we go back to the plurality of centers of power, and to what is called the Israeli feudal system.

HAVING frequently written on our own American feudal system and on the private governments of Big Capital, Big Labor, and great independent authorities, I was keenly interested in finding out what kind of feudalism, if any, had grown up in Israel. The Israeli variety, I quickly came to learn, is well ahead of ours and is endowed with peculiar features of its own. The major centers of self-regulating authority are equally anxious to maintain their own sphere of jurisdiction and to go into partnership with each other and with the government. Partnership was one of the pet ideas of the first Eisenhower administration. The advocates of that idea should go to Israel, where partnership is running riot.

Israeli capitalism, too, has caught up with the trend. The habit of partnership between business concerns and the Histadrut is widespread, although the interpretation of what makes for the singular habit are at a great variance. Some say that the capitalists cannot help it and that partnership is the price they have

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to pay for labor peace. Histadrut sources tell you that they are sick of collecting lame ducks, and that for every business concern they go into partnership with, they turn down ten. The same goes for the concerns that are begging to be taken over by the Histadrut. Israeli capitalists don't care much for long-range, productive ventures, since loans and assorted other investments can bring in profits of twenty-five per cent or more.

Independent critics both of the Histadrut and of capitalistic habits tell you that the reason for the partnership arrangements is that the employees gain higher wages plus unmolested featherbedding, and that the employer is guaranteed against the danger of bankruptcy. As to business concerns taken over by the Histadrut—well, it is said, that's just the European habit of socializing losses.

Relations between the Histadrut and the manufacturers' association are supposed to be quite chummy. A recent strike in Haifa attracted wide national attention because the head of a large company with seventeen hundred employees refused to follow the practices of the manufacturers' association and stood firm against the Histadrut.

YET ONE MUST think twice before passing judgment on that extraordinary Israeli capital-labor-welfare combine that is the Histadrut. There is no doubt that the interests of the workers are its overriding concern. Its leaders are still ruggedly labor people. The most controversial among them are frequently accused of recklessly seeking power. But even their critics admit that those American labor chiefs who lately became infamous as seekers after personal enrichment have no counterpart in Israel.

The Histadrut is tireless in its efforts to keep workers on payrolls and to see to it that the unemployed get jobs. This may not always coincide with the interests of the national economy. It may ultimately not even coincide with the interests of the workers. But certainly this is the same line of action the Histadrut has followed ever since the days of old: It wants to take care of all sides of the workers' lives as best it can and as it sees fit. True, it is acquiring more power than its top men can handle, but it is not its fault if it was already powerful and far-flung to start with, when the new state came into existence.

In the same spirit, driven by the same motives, the Histadrut is in partnership with the government in many projects of agricultural development and urban planning that have to do with the absorption of immigrants into the labor force. So is the Jewish Agency. And the political parties push hard in the same direction.

THIS STATE in the making is today a system of concurrent governments, or concurrent federations. It may not be a particularly efficient or rational system but it works, and the nation is, if anything, even too tightly held together.

The government could certainly take over some of the activities that are at present run by the Histadrut—particularly, health insurance. In due time it may. Or the government might take over some of the Histadrut's deficit-laden business enterprises or holding companies. In fact, some of the Histadrut's leaders seem to be anxious to have this happen. Should it happen, the government would be enriched with a whole stable of Trojan horses.

But there is no great danger that things will move in this direction too fast. Old habits die hard. When I was in Israel I was told by any number of people in positions of importance that the government had taken over the labor exchanges, or was going to—it never was quite clear in my mind. Somebody else told me that it would not make much difference anyway, since the same Histadrut people would have gone on running the labor exchanges under government auspices. Only later did I learn that while the discussion about the transfer had been going on for a long time, the law had not yet been passed by the Knesset.

Moreover, one should never forget what the load of new immigrants—most of them unskilled or in need of retraining—means. It certainly does not make for a more functional reorganization of the state and of its various dependent or independent branches. It does make for slow motion in the process of state building.

Is Israel a viable state? This question is frequently—too frequently—asked in this country and elsewhere. I never could understand exactly what it means, for if a state to be viable has to be solvent, with a sound balance of trade and a balanced budget, then how many of the new ones that have come into existence since the end of the war, or indeed how many of the old ones, can be considered viable? To be sure, the economic difficulties of Israel are of a very serious nature. Exports have increased from $29.7 million in 1949 to $108 million in 1956, but as of last year imports amounted to $364 million.

An equally serious fact is the maldistribution of the working population in Israel: Less than half the national income is earned by workers employed in agriculture and industry. In Israel, it's not automation that makes for the large percentage of the working population that is not engaged in the production of goods.

The Laws of Economics

Ben Gurion is reputed to have said that the laws of economics do not apply to Israel. Maybe this is not among his most original statements, for I wonder whether these laws apply even in our country. Certainly our farming population is well sheltered from them.

As far as Israel is concerned, its people have well proved their will and their capacity to do the utmost with the manpower and the resources they have. Moreover, no matter what responsibility Zionism and anti-Semitism may share for having brought the Israeli state into existence, certainly that state deserves, to say the least, the support of all civilized nations. No other sustained effort has ever been made in history to give a new chance to the victims of a most abominable persecution.

Assistance to Israel, at least on the present scale, may not be required for too long. A new generation is growing up there—a generation that is fiercely independent, infinitely less burdened by memories of past achievement or of past glories. It is only when this generation takes over that the work of state-making can be

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finished, for its men and women will not suffer like their fathers the tortures of divided allegiances. They will not have to decide whether their loyalty goes first to the state they have brought into being or to the erstwhile underground in which they worked so hard to make the coming of the state inevitable.

THE MEN and women of the old generation, and above all their leaders, should be proud of what they have achieved. Their state is probably not the tidiest in existence. Some of its practices may be against the standards of democratic behavior, just as they may violate some of the so-called laws of economics. But that state of theirs has a superabundance of energy.

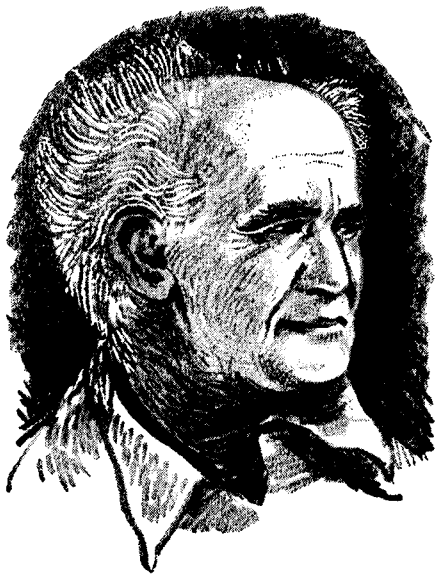
In fact, its leaders could afford to be somewhat more relaxed, less eager to gain universal approval for what they have done. Largely thanks to them, there is no longer any doubt that Israel is here to stay. Or maybe what seems to be worrying them and sometimes making them act as if they were insecure is that they are still not clear in their minds about what Israel is here for.

Quo Vadis, Israel?

There are those in Israel who date the origin of their state back to the day when God made his compact with Abraham. There are those who think the state had its start when, at the beginning of the century, the second wave of Jewish immigrants settled in the Holy Land. And there are those who think Israel was born on Independence Day—May 14, 1948.

Ben Gurion belongs to all these three groups—and to many more. Ben Gurion is a socialist and a nationalist. He is also a man who practiced his socialism as a trade-union leader, worked prodigiously for the establishment of Israel, and has tried to bridge the gap of two thousand years and find in the Old Testament the rightful title for what he has done as a statesman and a politician.

Yet overwhelmingly absorbed as he is in the intricacies of foreign affairs and defense, he still has an uncanny sensitivity to what's wrong with his nation. He still acts as the spokesman for the Biblical past, for



the makers of the new Israel, and for the young Sabra generation. But he is not a Sabra and he is not young.

The fact that he is not young is evidenced not only by the halo of white hair and by the visible burden of his years—seventy-one—but by his growing tendency to withdraw more and more from the present and from his own personal past into the great old book—the Bible. Perhaps it is modesty that leads him to find only one cause for his own and for his nation's achievements. That cause is in The Book. In The Book is a power no human will can thwart, and that has made inevitable everything that has happened to Israel during his stewardship—like the rebirth of the Hebrew language, the Ingathering of the Exiles, and the victories of the Israeli army.

There is something unique in this man. Nowhere else but in Jerusalem can one find the extraordinarily active head of a government willing to plunge at the slightest provocation into a long discourse on the relationship between matter and spirit, and on the perception we mortals have of God.

But Ben Gurion does not happen to be the head of all those who believe in God and are searching after God. He is the leader of a small nation, glorious to be sure, but very much in need of a somewhat narrower definition of its identity.

Yet Ben Gurion cannot think of Israel in any other terms than those of Biblical eternity. Israel for him is a nation based on a national faith; but this goes beyond sheer nationalism into a realm whose definition can be found in The Book. Israel is a culture, but not just a culture. It is an ideal of social justice that goes well beyond Marxism or the doctrine of any social reformer. The original source and the ultimate destination of all these "beyonds" is, of course, The Book.

To many a visitor this passionate inclination on the part of the prime minister to refer everything to The Book leads to the conclusion that they have been admitted to the presence of the latest Jewish prophet. This is quite strange, considering that the prophets might have excelled in foreseeing things to come but did not much care for statesmanship or politics. But proofs of Ben Gurion's statesmanship are to be seen all over Israel, and his politician's skill can be easily detected even in his uncanny ability to keep away from issues he doesn't want to talk about—by plunging into issues related to The Book.

Yet with most of the people who have had the privilege of talking to him his Biblical discourses have gone over quite well. In my own case, I was somewhat bewildered. I have the greatest respect for the man, but I like my Bible straight.

The Ultimate Orthodoxy

The Great Old Man is certainly the most representative leader of his country in all respects but one: his attitude toward the Bible. In Israel today, while the most orthodox and extreme forms of Judaism are to be found, for a very large number of people, particularly young people, religion plays a rather limited role—or no role at all.

There is, of course, in the heart of Jerusalem that much-described center of tourist attraction called Mea Shaarim. The approximately three thousand superorthodox Jews who live there refuse to recognize the state of Israel. These people see no reason why there should be a Jewish government, with police and soldiers and tax officials—a government like any other government that, in their opinion, defiles the language of the

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Holy Scriptures by making it into everyday language.

The men and women of Mea Shaarim speak Yiddish, pray in Hebrew, and don't go into the army. The men, most of them with long beards and earlocks, wear black and brown cassocks of the Polish or Lithuanian ghettos; the women long, dark woolen stockings, the shaven heads of the married women always carefully covered. The men spend most of their time praying in the synagogues.

In Jerusalem but not in Mea Shaarim, I met a man who represents in purest form the spirit of Mea Shaarim, but expresses it in terms of western, twentieth-century thinking. I had known him in Europe as a leader of Zionism, but in Jerusalem he wasn't a Zionist any longer. He was just an inhabitant of Israel, too removed from the Israeli state even to denounce it. I could guess his thought from the little he said, and from the despair I could read in his eyes. Yet he did not talk like a man who is hopeless for, according to his faith, a Jew is not allowed to be hopeless.

He thought, I gathered, that the Jewish people in Israel were no longer living up to the compact God had made with the sons of Abraham. In the old land of Judaea all the idols that keep the world divided and enslaved are now being worshiped—like nationalism and socialism and statism, and all the other beastly isms. How could God rescue the people He had chosen among all others, once they turned out to be just like all the others? And how then could mankind be saved?

That man, ever since I had known him had been the living evidence of how crushing are the outward and inward commitments of the Jewish faith. He had lived that faith to perfection. Now he was—in Jerusalem—not hopeless and not even bitter, but just alone, unspeakably alone.

The Search for Roots

Ben Gurion and all the literal and not-so-literal believers in the Old Testament are not the only ones in Israel who think the new nation stems from The Book and lives—or should live—by it. But the Old Testament, in all its majesty and glory, is such an ancient book, where quite a number of layers of Jewish history can be found. To which of these layers can the new state relate itself, so as to find there both its origin and its guidance or, in the truest sense of the term, its foundation?

This is one of the reasons why archaeology has become the craze in Israel. Yigael Yadin, the man who was the chief of operations during the war of liberation in 1948 and 1949, is now Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He has become the greatest Israeli authority on the Dead Sea scrolls.

The Israelis, literally, have fallen in love with their soil. They, or their fathers, have toiled on it. But this is not enough. They are searching for the roots that have been broken centuries ago. Can the new nation grow closer to these roots, can it become linked to them?

The Dead Sea scrolls have opened

new vistas to the Israelis in search of their antiquity. Biblical scholars have been busy for years interpreting the scrolls or disputing about them. For the Israelis, what seems to be most important is the information the scrolls provide on the Essenes, a pre-Christian and near-Christian Jewish sect. This evidence, in turn, seems to prove how completely early Christian thought and practices derive from Jewish thinking, with little or no contribution from Hellenistic sources.

Even the most self-controlled among the professional or amateur Dead Sea scrolls experts can scarcely restrain their fervor when they tell you about the new evidences that have now come to light about the Essenes. It is proved now, they tell you, that Christianity was not a new departure from Judaism and that Christ was representative of a religious trend, not its originator.

There were occasions when, in talking to Israeli philosophers as well as scrolls experts, I somehow sensed an eagerness to accentuate the Jewishness of Christ, to reduce Him to the level of one of the many Jewish prophets and, in that way, to get close to Him. It was as if they were trying to recapture Christ and to find in Christ a new link both with their past and with the outside world. The urge to "ingather" in Israel all the exiles may reach very far into the past. "The first centuries of Christianity are part of our history," an old Israeli scholar told me.

The Young Army

At the other extreme, there are those who show very little concern with history or religion, and no interest in bridging the two-thousand-year gap. Most of these people, of course, are Sabras. The talk about the Sabras creates about as much excitement in Israel as the discussion about the time when Christianity branched off.

A great deal has been written, and not only in Israel, about the stolid, unintellectual, un-neurotic quality of the Sabras—the first kind of Jews, so it seems, who can afford not to be too intelligent. Once I was talking to an eminent psychoanalyst, who had, he said, too many patients, too many people in need of readjustment. I told him not to worry, for the Sabras would certainly force him into a sort of technological unemployment. "Oh, no," he answered, "quite a number of my patients are Sabras." He knew what I had in mind, smiled, and said, "You know, every situation creates its own neurosis."

Another day I was talking to a young Sabra who happens to be a high officer in the army, and the conversation turned to that perennial theme: Where will the Sabra generation go? That young man was precise in his talk, and unverbose. His face was deeply tanned, as is so frequently the case with army people, and most of the time expressionless. Only occasionally his thin lips would

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curl in a restrained and disciplined smile, and his extraordinarily luminous eyes would flash. "Perhaps," he told me, "we Sabras will turn out to be a breed of men a bit closer to the Gentiles. Ours is a durable race."

Of course we came to talk about the Arabs. "There is a new Moslem upsurge, and the West is not aware of it," he said. "There have been several other upsurges like this that have been beaten down or coalesced. We know the Arabs. We are skin to skin with them. We don't get alarmed, we don't waste our energies. It will be all right." Then he proceeded, his eyes flashing, "We Israelis are holding the outpost of western civilization. If you want, you may call it of Christian civilization."

THAT AMAZING young army, where even the highest officers are in their middle thirties, is the best thing that Israel has produced. There are no dissenting voices among foreign observers: Israeli politics may be an extraordinarily complex thing, and the state is still in the making. But the army is made.

It's a people's army, always ready to go to work wherever and whenever the citizens—and particularly the new ones—can be helped by the example of spontaneous and inventive teamwork. This example the army is invariably happy to offer, no matter whether the obstacles come from the vagaries of nature or from incompatibilities among people of different national origins.

Israeli soldiers, men and women, can march smartly in a parade, but one could never accuse them of being overaddicted to military polish. Some of the pictures I saw of the Sinai campaign made me think that Bill Mauldin's characters, Willie and Joe, had joined the Israeli army. Sometimes, looking at the officers, I thought that by some miracle Willie and Joe had got some brass.

As in the case of every resistance movement that has come to power, some of the men at the head may have become somewhat flabby. But not the army. The Haganah could never be disbanded. The muscles could never become flabby, for Israel has never had peace. Certainly, if the army of today is the Israel of tomorrow, the nation has nothing to fear.

It is horrid to think of that country and of that region that cannot have peace. This feeling is particularly unbearable in Jerusalem.

There is a belt of green that divides the city between the Israeli and the Jordanian section. From the Israeli side, early in the morning, you hear the Christian bells and the crowing of the cocks from the rural belt—the no man's land that is in the heart of Jerusalem. There is a sense of unearthly peace, and you forget that on both sides of the rural belt there are armed men permanently on guard.

Yet it is difficult to keep one's mind on the unending, even if not shooting, war. The landscape of that city has a character of sublimity, and sometimes one wants to forget its history, the names of some of those hills, or of the few man-made landmarks, for fear of being hypnotized by the past. Particularly toward sunset the extraordinarily pure light of the sky seems to bless the earth.

But, when the thought of the unending war comes back, and you think of the Arabs who have been pushed away and of the Israelis who have struggled so hard to remake themselves and their country, then the prospect of this thing going on and on becomes truly unbearable.

Perhaps the tide has already turned. That vanguard of the West, Israel, is definitely unwilling to be cut off from the whole East—Near, Middle, and Far. Israeli diplomatic and commercial envoys are actively engaged in seeking trade and fostering friendly relations with African and Asian countries.

The Sinai campaign proved, first of all, that the Israeli army could wage a perfect, one could almost say a classic, limited war. Since Nasser did not bomb any Israeli city, neither did Dayan bomb Egypt. Ben Gurion did not ask for Nasser's unconditional surrender. At the same time, the Sinai campaign proved how concerned the whole world is with the Arab-Israeli conflict. New military campaigns or new harassments have become rather unlikely.

The prospect is for less tension on the Arab as well as on the Israeli side. The new Sabra generation, according to all evidence, seems to be infinitely more poised, at peace with itself than that of its predecessors. In fact, I was told that there is a trend among young people to debunk a lot of old dogmas or slogans —including the "Ingathering of the Exiles."

ON THESE and on many other subjects—indeed, every time I needed help in understanding Israeli matters—I wished Chaim Weizmann had been still alive. Truly, I felt his absence as a personal loss. Quietly, unrhetorically, he had managed to bridge the two-thousand-year chasm and could look far beyond it, for he had the profundity of the scholar and the imagination of a great scientist. He is buried now in the ground where the institute he created stands —one of the greatest and freest centers of scientific research in the world.

I remembered something I had talked about with Weizmann in New York in the days when he was working for the recognition of his state. I had asked him whether Israel would not result in a sort of collective bargain with assimilation. On an individual basis, of course, assimilation means dispersal into the Gentile world. A Jew then becomes a spent Jew. Probably the world needs both spent Jews and a mass reservoir of Jewry.

How I would have loved to pursue this conversation after having taken a close look at Israel. Again I thought of Weizmann when my plane was leaving the Lydda airport. He and Ben Gurion and all the others had done a stupendous job in bringing into existence the reservoir of Jewry. The only thing that was needed now was some peace, so that the "ingathering" might be balanced by "exgathering." The world can benefit from both.

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Atlanta: Smart Politics And Good Race Relations

DOUGLASS CATER

ONE CHILLY MORNING in early January this year, a group of Negro ministers of Atlanta convened at the Wheat Street Baptist Church and set out to break through the segregation barriers on the city busses. Press accounts of the episode seemed to indicate a grim repetition of the story that has been told in Montgomery, Birmingham, Tallahassee, and elsewhere in the Deep South. The Reverend William Holmes Borders, who led the ministers, had exhorted his group to practice complete pacificism while occupying the forbidden forward seats. There would be no striking back if struck, no cursing if cursed. "If they put us in jail, we'll go. If they kill us, we'll die," Mr. Borders declared. In the state capitol a few blocks away, Governor Marvin Griffin ominously ordered the state militia on "alert." Next day, there were the anticipated arrests, and *Life* magazine duly carried the photograph of the Negro ministers behind bars in the county jail.

Despite the press stereotypes, the Atlanta story had subtle shadings that made it a bit different from other instances of massive resistance in the Deep South. Behind the public posturing a more significant drama was being enacted that escaped the notice of most critics. In Atlanta, unlike Montgomery and Birmingham and Tallahassee, the bus challenge did not signal an abrupt and irrevocable break in the circuits of communication between Negro and white communities. It had come only after the most intimate consultation between the Negro leaders and city and transit-company officials. No one in these consultations doubted that a legal test of the bus-segregation law in Georgia, already invalidated elsewhere, was inevitable. Mayor William Hartsfield, a veteran of twenty years in office, hoped devoutly it could be postponed until after the May elections, in which he would again be a candidate. The Negro leaders argued that their own leadership problems forbade further delay. The head of the privately owned transit system voiced his primary concern that his company not be whipsawed between the state law and a Negro boycott.

THERE WAS considerable gamesmanship on both sides. Having been forewarned as to the time and place of the incident, the driver promptly declared the chosen bus "out of commission," let anyone get off who wanted to, and then conducted the ministers on a nonstop tour through the city streets. A cavalcade of press and television cars trailed out behind the bus. After a time, the ministers rang the bell and climbed off, insisting on leaving by the forward door. The only sharp words reported that morning were exchanged between white spectators and some overzealous press photographers.

Next day there were further consultations, the city officials being reluctant to make arrests and the Negro ministers stubbornly demanding to be arrested. More argument arose over whether a patrol wagon had to be sent for the ministers or whether they should come to the station under their own power. Finally the police chief consented to dispatch a patrol wagon in the charge of a Negro detective. The ministers were booked and bonded within a two-hour period. There were bars on the detention room, but nobody closed the door.

Afterwards both sides sought to allay the feelings of those who might be overly wrought up. The Rev. Mr. Borders, emphasizing the orderly nature of the Negro plans, announced: "We've accomplished our objective. The fight will be in the courts henceforth and we won't attempt to ride the busses integrated again until it is settled." Mayor Hartsfield, urging restraint in terms that had dollars-and-cents meaning, told a gathering of white civic leaders: "If Atlanta loses control of peaceful race relationships we are gone. It is of special importance to downtown businessmen to maintain decent race relations and avoid violence. If our transportation system goes to pot, you haven't got a town."

Indeed, the angriest person in the whole affair was the rabidly segregationist attorney general of the state, Eugene Cook, who has the task of prosecuting the ministers for violating a state law. Cook, it is reported, privately expressed outrage to the city officials for having wittingly set up a court test of the segregation statute instead of arresting the Negroes on trumped-up charges of disturbing the peace. So far he has failed to bring the case to trial. The Negroes are now trying to get a declaratory judgment from the courts.

'The Beauty of Atlanta . . .'

The episode, in the view of a good many Atlantans, was typical of their city. "It represents not so much the facing of an issue in a do-or-die fashion as the avoidance of a conflict that could not be resolved by public controversy," Harold Fleming, a native Atlantan who is head of the biracial Southern Regional Council, remarked to me. "Nearly always in Atlanta it's the manipulative adjustment of interests rather than the head-on clash. Just recently we concluded a hot election for the school board in which the Negro member was re-elected by a tremendous majority. No one brought up the Supreme Court school decision, despite the continual harangue against it from the woolhat boys at the capitol. Neither candidate for mayor mentioned the race issue. A Negro candidate for alderman made a good showing against a seasoned white opponent. This may not seem

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like much, but compared to a lot that is happening in the Deep South these days it's progress."

T. M. Alexander, the unsuccessful Negro candidate for alderman, made a similar point: "Atlanta Negroes want to see signs of progress, but we are not trying to ram it down the white man's throat. We think it can be negotiated. The beauty of Atlanta is that there is a liaison between the Negro and the better class of the white community."

It was impressive how often this theme of negotiation was voiced by the community leaders I interviewed during a recent visit to Atlanta—impressive because in many parts of the South one hears angry denial that there is anything left to negotiate. In this sprawling metropolis, there have so far been few overt steps toward desegregation. But the Negro here has been achieving a degree of political and economic integration into the community life as important as court-dictated integration. Contrary to those who, despairingly or hopefully, cling to the myth of a monolithic South, there is abundant evidence that Atlanta, though an island in a state violently committed to preservation of the old order, is already a city in transition.

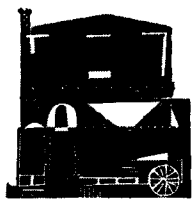
Atlanta's Mayor Hartsfield

There are some who say you can chart the course of the city by its mayor. When William Hartsfield, a spry man of sixty-seven who rather resembles Harry Truman in bearing and manner, first ran for office in 1937, the Negro vote was a trivial thing, publicly spurned by realistic candidates. This spring, more than twenty-one thousand Negroes voted in the city primary, in nearly the same ratio to their total population as the whites. A precinct-by-precint analysis revealed that although Hartsfield carried most of the upper-middle-class white neighborhoods, he would have been defeated except for his overwhelming majority among the Negroes.

During the last two decades it has been noted that Hartsfield, an Atlantan of rather humble origins who taught himself law, has developed a corresponding interest in Negro problems. His friends insist that there is nothing cynical about it. "With the mayor it may have been somewhat political at first," George Goodwin, a First National Bank vice-president, remarked. "But somewhere along the way he developed a keen pride in what he has been able to do for Atlanta's race relations. He likes to boast that while he has been mayor, nobody from Atlanta has ever had to be ashamed of his home town."

Whatever his convictions, Mayor Hartsfield has shown the skill of a consummate politician in dealing with the explosive situations that come along. A year and a half ago, faced with a court order to desegregate the municipal golf courses, he arranged to time its public release three days before Christmas, when the city was too full of brotherly love to get involved in a race riot. To forestall any rebellions among the golf-course employees, he called them into secret session and faced them with the alternatives: comply or close up. If the courses were closed, he reminded them, they would be out of jobs. To a man, the employees voted for compliance. Thus forearmed, the mayor announced the courses would be desegregated the next day.

During the night, obscenities were scrawled in yellow paint on the benches and pavilions at some of the courses. Hartsfield had crews out before dawn painting out every last trace. So swift and surreptitious were his counterintelligence operations that word of this particular bit of provocation never reached the newspapers.



On the fateful morning, television crews assembled at Atlanta's Bobby Jones course to get some shots of the Negroes who had initiated the court action finally teeing off. The cameramen were out of luck. Hartsfield, apprehensive over the wide advance publicity given to the event, had persuaded the Negroes to choose another course. "They told me they had promised the television people they would appear," he remarked recently. "I said, 'Those TV boys aren't interested in watching you hit the ball. They want to get pictures of you getting beat up!'"

The barriers went down without an incident. Some time later, Governor Griffin announced to a public gathering that if he had been handed the court order to desegregate golf courses, he would have "plowed them up next morning and planted alfalfa and corn." Hartsfield, by then able to point to his success in keeping open recreation facilities used by seventy thousand white golfers, retorted drily, "Next year will be a political year and any person dissatisfied can offer for city office." The issue has not been raised since.

ACCORDING to his close associates, the mayor devotes to the task of preserving his city's tranquillity all the tender affection and loving care that the average man bestows on his family. He has time for little else. When outraged Georgia Tech students marched on the governor's mansion year before last to protest Griffin's attempt to prevent their team from playing in a nonsegregated Sugar Bowl game, they found the mayor calmly surveying the situation from the sidelines. "Some damn fool had called in the county police," he told me recently. "They don't know the first thing about how to handle those kids the way my police force does. I was scared stiff something would touch off a riot."

A sociable fellow, Hartsfield invited me along on one of his nocturnal drives in his police prowl car, a lonely ritual for keeping contact with the city after hours. We drove through the streets till midnight, noting improvements and projects under construction and listening to the police calls on the radio. It was a quiet evening. "You should hear it on the first and the fifteenth of the month," he commented. "On payday, especially when it's hot, you've got trouble."

We rode through mile after mile of the beautiful new Negro suburban neighborhoods on Atlanta's West Side, where a biracial planning committee he set up had succeeded in breaking through the rim of white suburbia that completely encircled the city after the war, hemming in the Negroes. I detected pride but no note of paternalism as the mayor

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pointed out modern houses, many in the thirty- to fifty-thousand-dollar price range, that attested to Negro economic achievement. It was the same way late in the evening when we stopped by to pay our respects to "Chief" W. H. Aiken, a veteran Negro political leader who runs a luxury apartment hotel. Aiken appeared pleased but not particularly surprised to have the mayor calling on him so unceremoniously. To me, a Southerner used to the nuances of the old Negro-white relationship, here was detectable change.

Hartsfield discussed his difficulties with considerable frankness, admitting there were problems ahead for which no ready solutions are apparent. "We'll just have to keep on dickering," he remarked. I got the impression that to this man who has proved himself a politician in the best sense of the word the prospect was not particularly frightening.

Takes More Than Luck

A major reason for Atlanta's good fortune, the mayor testifies, is that it has so many intelligent and educated Negroes who choose to remain despite the widespread exodus from the South. The six Negro colleges located in the city, all interlocked in the Atlanta University system, provide a steady output of talented leaders. They also have helped to diversify Negro leadership. In many places in the South, the Negro ministers are the single group able and independent enough to attempt to voice their people's needs. In Atlanta the ministers are only one element in the leadership, their particular drives modified and strengthened by lawyers, banking and business representatives, and educators.

To a degree, the Negro in Atlanta has had to win recognition by excelling. Dr. Rufus Clement, president of Atlanta University, for example, is recognized as the member on the city school board best qualified by previous training. When Clement was first elected four years ago, School Superintendent Ira Jarrell told me, he had from the start made contributions extending widely beyond race matters. "Everything Dr. Clement has ever said has been wise and just," she commented.

In turn, Dr. Clement, while not concealing his attitude toward school segregation, has bided his time in pressing for a showdown. He agreed last year when the board called on the Educational Testing Service up in Princeton, to make an analysis of achievement among Negro and white students. A quiet-spoken,

thoughtful man, he told me that he is aware that it will reveal disparities between the two races. But he is also confident that it will show wide overlapping, demonstrating that the Negro is not inferior per se. Though he believes that integration of the schools could be accomplished in Atlanta with little difficulty, he expresses sympathy with those who fear "bringing the state down on our heads." His caution, others point out, may also stem from a fear of causing damage to the valuable university system that he helps to administer.

I CALLED ON T. M. Alexander, the defeated Negro candidate for alderman, who is a successful businessman and realtor. His office, as executive vice-president of the Southeastern Fidelity Fire Insurance Company, was beautifully paneled in California redwood and old brick with a sliding glass wall opening onto a garden patio—one of the most impressive executive suites I had seen in Atlanta.

Where had the capital come from to start the seven-year-old Southeastern Fidelity? Alexander, a slender, deeply earnest man who was born and educated in the South, answered with a sweep of his arm that within two blocks of his Auburn Avenue office there was over $80 million in capital resources owned by Negroes. The treasurer of his company, L. D. Milton, heads the Citizens Trust Company of Georgia, the only Negro bank in America belonging to the Federal Reserve System.

"But the dollar isn't segregated in Atlanta any more," Alexander announced. "There are at least half a dozen white banks I could call right this minute and get a loan." Because Negroes could get credit, they had been able to prove that they were good credit risks, and vice versa. This is the fundamental lesson of all economic progress.

Alexander is a member of the Mayor's West Side Mutual Development Committee, which was formed several years ago to deal with racial strife in the housing field. Unscrupulous real-estate agents, both white and Negro, had been promoting a practice known as "blockbusting," by which Negro families were leapfrogged into the middle of established white neighborhoods. It often resulted in panic and mass evacuation among the whites and recriminations against the Negroes. The biracial committee, having carefully assessed the problem, worked out the westward course of expansion for Negro housing. In some areas, on the other hand, it had arranged to buy back homes from Negroes who were located in white neighborhoods.

I was told that Alexander had devised the committee's slogan, "We Protected the Integrity of Communities." Wasn't this, I asked him, merely a polite way of masking segregation? He disagreed. "It has gotten away from the idea of fixed boundary lines, buffer zones, and all the rest. I couldn't sell that to Negroes. But we can buy the idea of community integrity. We want to know when we build homes in nice neighborhoods that they will be protected from downzoning and all the other things that destroy property value."

Alexander was philosophical about his recent defeat. His campaign, particularly the reactions he got from white audiences, had been a heart-warming experience. There had been no unpleasant incidents, and his hat was already back in the ring for next time.

But he had been genuinely incensed when Governor Griffin, not himself an Atlantan, had at the last minute issued a statement calling on the whites to vote as a bloc against him. He expected nothing better of Griffin, Alexander said. But he won-

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dered just how long the "big mules" in Atlanta—those business leaders who wield backstage political power—were going to put up with this demagogic interference in the city's affairs. "They have always been willing to let the woolhat politicians have the Negro issue to play with and be amused," he concluded. "That isn't going to work any more."

Country Boys and City Boys

Alexander raised a problem that may have considerable bearing on Atlanta's future. As he noted, the city's leading business interests, many of them Northern-owned, have traditionally reached an understanding with the backwoods politicians who, under Georgia's county-unit system, dominate the state government. It has been a live-and-let-live proposition, each accommodating the basic needs of the other. Eugene Talmadge and his son Herman could lambaste the "city boys" while at the same time receiving economic sustenance from them. The race issue, in this cynical arrangement, was always regarded as a fairly harmless way for the politician to let off steam and garner votes.

Last year, Atlanta's business leaders were confronted with the serious dilemma of whether to back Senator Walter George, the aging champion of honest conservatism who had been in the Senate since 1922, against Herman Talmadge, who peddled a newfangled variety. Reluctantly and after much soul searching, they chose Talmadge, with the rationalization that age versus youth made the political odds too costly.

How would they choose if the decision lay between the entrenched reaction of the state's politics and the dynamic needs of the city's? What will they do if the governor or the state attorney general really tries to slam on the brakes against any further changes in segregation? The answers to these questions, a good many Atlantans admit, may determine whether the city continues its healthy growth or falls victim to the distemper prevalent in the region.

ONE OF THE biggest of the "big mules" invited me to join him and a group of compeers who were lunching together after an executive directors' meeting at a leading downtown bank. They were a gregarious lot, full of Deep South mannerisms. But one detected, too, by their casual references to places and incidents, how cosmopolitan the successful big businessmen have become. New York is two hours and forty-five minutes by air—closer than Savannah was twenty years ago. A tycoon like Robert Woodruff, chairman of the finance committee of Coca-Cola, is as much at home one place as the other.

There is a subtle and hopeful difference that makes their chauvinism more impressive than the typical civic-club variety. In the last few years the leading Atlanta businessmen have become growth- and planning-conscious. Starting in 1949, a Metropolitan Planning Commission, spurred by a brilliant young Harvard-trained planner named Philip Hammer, worked out in successive studies—"Up Ahead" and "Now—For Tomorrow"—a grand design for the evolving city complete with arterial expressways that will lead from a rejuvenated center to orderly suburban clusters. It envisaged the schools, parks, and playgrounds of a future dream city. Atlanta's business leaders do not consider such planning Utopian; this spring they pushed through an $87-million bond issue as partial payment toward it. They point quite candidly to what it means to the very

existence of, say, Rich's department store, the largest in the Deep South, which last year had net sales of nearly $80 million.

But despite their preoccupation with orderly growth, they are reluctant even to contemplate the possibility of a showdown with the forces that may disrupt such growth. They tend to minimize the effects of the county-unit system, which increasingly strangles the growing city. "The system is a good thing as far as Atlanta is concerned," one businessman who knows better told me. "Since a large popular vote doesn't count, the state politicians don't pay any attention to us." Not being paid attention to, by his definition, meant being let alone—a unique theory of the joys of disfranchisement. That the state politicians do pay attention to Atlanta can be readily seen in the revenue flow, the state collecting 21.5 per cent of its taxes there while returning only 4.6 per cent. Atlanta's scheme of improvement must rely on the Federal government, not the state, for the bulk of its supplementary aid. States' righters aren't always cities' righters.

IT IS EASY to come away from a tour of the South with a conviction of total gloom. In the first of a series of *Saturday Evening Post* articles, "The Deep South Says *Never*," John Bartlow Martin points to the rise of Southern resistance since 1954. "At that time the South was divided, perplexed, resigned," writes Martin. "Today the Solid South is a fact, and its resistance to desegregation is granitic."

He has been deeply—one gathers almost fearfully—impressed by the white Citizens' Councils, which combine sophistication with their ruthlessness in a way the old Ku Klux Klans never did. Particularly in the rural areas, they are currently exercising a bitter dominance.

But it is possible to agree with Martin that the councils are a sobering symptom of the South's anxiety without leaping to the conclusion that they speak for a "solid" or a "granitic" South. In Atlanta the councils wield very little influence.

Martin has failed to notice another substantial group in the white South—watchful, troubled, and so far silent before a problem that they know rhetoric alone will not solve. In this group are the men who act behind the scenes to prevent the showdowns that the Citizens' Councils threaten again and again. They are conducting what amounts to a holding operation until ways can be found to chart an orderly course ahead. What they look for are not words but examples of what works in the changing pattern of race relations.

It would be foolish to try to predict the outcome of the South's present crisis. But the example set by Atlanta provides at least some ground for hope.

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A Surprise For Uncle Louis

G. GERALD HARROP

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

THE CANADIAN ELECTION of June 10, like the U.S. election of November 2, 1948, just couldn't happen. Ask the professional political pundits if you don't believe us amateurs. Ask the Gallup pollsters.

As the campaign closed there were no signs that it had had much effect. The Gallup figures remained pretty constant, and showed Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent's Liberals commanding forty-eight per cent of the votes, the Progressive Conservatives (Tories) well behind with thirty-four per cent, and the rest divided among the other parties, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (C.C.F.) getting ten per cent and the Social Creditors seven per cent. The re-election of Uncle Louis would make it six in a row for the Liberals. The Canadian government, coming to power in 1935, was the oldest in the democratic world—the oldest, some of its opponents said, outside of the Soviet Union. The election appeared to be in the bag for the Liberals.

So we all said, including the editors of *Maclean's*, "Canada's National Magazine," whose issue dated June 22 editorialized thus: "For better or for worse, we Canadians have once more elected one of the most powerful governments ever created by the free will of a free electorate. We have given that government an almost unexampled vote of confidence, considering the length of its term of office. It could easily be forgiven for accepting this as a mandate to resume the kindly tyranny it has exercised over Parliament and the people for more than twenty years."

SUPPOSE for a moment that control of the United States government depended only on the outcome of the struggle for the House of Representatives. Suppose further that outside the Solid South the opposition was divided three ways, with third and fourth parties in control of some of the Western states. Add to this a Democratic leader, himself a Southerner, not clearly identifiable as liberal or conservative but a man of great integrity and considerable personal charm—a rather elderly man, something like one's father. Complete the sum with a time of unprecedented prosperity. Now estimate the chances of the Republican Party.

This is an almost perfect parallel to the situation in Canada on Election Day. In Quebec, their "Solid South," the Liberals held sixty-six of the seventy-five seats. In the last election, 1953, they had won twenty-seven out of thirty-three in the Atlantic provinces and fifty out of eighty-five in Tory Ontario. And in the western provinces the main opposition party held only nine of sixty-two seats and was the fourth party. All together, in 1953 the St. Laurent government won 170 of the 265 seats. On June 10, 1957, then, Uncle Louis seemed firmly in the saddle and "We never had it so good."

This was the situation that confronted sixty-one-year-old prairie lawyer John Diefenbaker when he carried the Tory convention last December and faced an imminent election. Diefenbaker took on a speaking schedule that would have taxed the strength of a brewer's horse. He carried his message to the people in the short six weeks of a Canadian campaign, concentrating on Ontario and the Atlantic region.

Diefenbaker traveled to the prairie hamlet and the maritime fishing cove as well as to Toronto and Montreal. Diefenbacker has the head-shaking, posturing, throbbing eloquence of the stereotype of an old-fashioned courtroom pleader. He is very effective or very corny, depending on your politics. But there is no denying the sincerity of his conviction that the majority party had been in power too long and grown too dearly fond of that power. His campaign revived memories of the Willkie of 1940 and the Truman of 1948. This was Canada's first TV election, but Diefenbaker did not depend on TV. The television performances of all parties were drab, canned affairs.

Mr. Howe's Friday

The main personal target of opposition speakers was not the prime minister but United States-born septuagenarian Clarence Decatur Howe, minister of trade and commerce and general factotum in all the Liberal ministries since 1935. His opponents concede his executive ability and drive, but charge that his passion for industrial achievement is only exceeded by his contempt for the House of Commons. In arguing that the Defence Production Act should remain in effect for five years instead of three, Howe gave as his reason: "That would mean coming back to Parliament in three years and I've more to do than spend my time amusing Parliament." In many ways, C. D. Howe is Canada's Charley Wilson.

The climax of this arrogance was the June 1, 1956, culmination of the pipeline debate—or lack of debate, as the Tory and C.C.F. opposition would prefer to call it. Here Mr. Howe's proposition was to authorize the loan—to a largely U.S.-controlled pipeline company—of some $80 million to complete the uneconomic prairie leg of a pipeline to bring natural gas from Alberta to the east. Conservative and C.C.F. members threatened to filibuster, and to prevent this tactic the government introduced closure—not to terminate an inconclusive and repetitious debate (its legitimate use) but to stop the debate before it started and get the legislation through in time to meet a deadline promised the company. (The Social Creditors, who control Alberta and want to sell its gas, supported the government.)

Amid scenes of confusion unparalleled here in this century, the Tory and C.C.F. opposition parties raised points of order and privilege to get themselves a chance to talk at all. But Howe rammed his bill through to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Hail, Hail,

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the Gang's All Here," sung by the mass of 170 Liberal members. Conservative opposition advertising suggested that the final line of the latter ballad, "What the hell do we care now?," summed up the Liberal attitude toward Parliament.

Following this episode, George Drew, then opposition leader, moved an unprecedented resolution censuring the speaker of the house, charging that he had deserted his impartial role to become the tool of the government of the day. On June 1—called "Black Friday" by one of Canada's leading Liberal newspapers—the speaker, from the chair, had moved to make Friday Thursday and thus revive a closure motion that had died with Thursday's sitting. Following the session the speaker did resign, but the prime minister refused to accept the resignation and tried to treat the whole business as of no consequence.

Dr. Eugene Forsey, economic adviser to the Canadian Congress of Labour, neatly summed up the case against the government: "Canadian freedom is very sick. The sickness will not be cured till the Canadian people win back parliamentary government. The first step in the cure is to turn the Liberals out."

LAST YEAR the C.C.F., led since 1942 by M. J. Coldwell of Saskatchewan, modified its 1933 manifesto, moving from doctrinaire socialism toward the advocacy of what it calls "social democracy." This seems to involve a mixed economy with private, public, and co-operative enterprise working together to supply human need. In this election Coldwell stressed the parliamentary issue and the extension of the welfare state, advocating higher old-age pensions and the extension of the proposed national hospitalization plan to include medical services. The C.C.F. has been in power in the province of Saskatchewan since 1944.

The Social Creditors, in power in Alberta since 1935 and in British Columbia since 1952, tried to move eastward and become a national movement. (This group refuses to call itself a party and says it is against politics!) It has long since ceased to stress social-credit monetary theory and has become a typical "innocent" anti-political party, with religious overtones. Social Creditors are led by an Alberta Mormon elder, Solon Low.

The Canadian electorate outside Ontario, where the provincial machine under Premier Leslie Frost seemed to be going to work this time, didn't appear to be paying much attention to John Diefenbaker's heroic and herculean efforts. True, he was getting pretty good crowds, especially in the Atlantic provinces and in British Columbia, but then, he puts on a good show. True, the Liberals had been in power too long and C. D. Howe was running the government, but we had never had it so good.

It Began on Sable Island

We were totally unprepared for the story that started to unfold when the eastern polls closed on that unforgettable night.

Sable Island, a lonely sand bar a hundred miles off Halifax and peopled only by meteorologists and lightkeepers, gave the Tories a majority of two votes. Newfoundland, the oldest British colony and

newest Canadian province, was so safely in the pocket of Liberal Premier Joseph Smallwood that he offered to keep his Liberals out of two seats in the recent provincial election to ensure some opposition representation. The two seats in the capital city of St. John's started the Tory trend, as the solid phalanx of seven Newfoundland Liberals was broken.

In Nova Scotia this trend became a tide. The Tories took only one of the twelve seats in 1953; this time they took ten, gaining eight from the Liberals and the only C.C.F. seat east of Ontario in the last Parliament. On Prince Edward Island they took all four, gaining three. In New Brunswick the tide ebbed, Diefenbaker gaining two from the Liberals to make an even split. Traditional Liberal strength asserted itself in Quebec, but even here the Tories won eight of the seventy-five seats, gaining four. In Ontario the Tory tide became a tidal wave, party strength rising from thirty-three out of eighty-five in 1953 to sixty at the most recent count. It continued even in Manitoba, where Diefenbaker gained five seats. Most surprising of all, perhaps, was the victory of three fellow Tories from Diefenbaker's home province of Saskatchewan. He did not cut substantially into Social Credit strength in Alberta, and British Columbia had a close three-party fight for its twenty-two seats—the Liberals being the fourth party.

When the dust cleared on Tuesday morning, the late Prime Minister MacKenzie King's monument, the one-party state, was seen to be shattered. The Diefenbaker forces elected 109 (gaining fifty-eight), the Liberals 104 (thanks mostly to Quebec and Newfoundland), the C.C.F. 25 (up two) and the Social Creditors 18 (up three). In the slaughter of the Liberals no fewer than nine cabinet ministers fell, including the minister of finance, the minister of defence, and, above all, the minister of trade and commerce: Clarence Decatur Howe was beaten by a hitherto unknown C.C.F. schoolmaster.

PRIME MINISTER ST. LAURENT himself and Secretary of State for External Affairs Lester B. Pearson survived as M.P.s, the latter rather narrowly against a colorful Tory opponent whose slogan was "Mulligan's the Man." This survival will put Pearson in a very strong position for the Liberal leadership when Uncle Louis retires and a national convention is called.

Almost lost in the excitement were some colorful local struggles. W. Ross Thatcher, of Moose Jaw-Lake Center, Saskatchewan, was Canada's Wayne Morse in reverse. Thatcher moved from Left to Right, from the C.C.F. into the Liberal Party. He also moved out of his home district into a rural Saskatchewan constituency whose member, Mr. Hazen Argue, had been his C.C.F. desk mate in the House. C.C.F. Premier Thom-

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as Douglas made the defeat of Thatcher his main election aim and challenged him to a debate. In the prairie hamlet of Mossbank on a rainy Monday night in May, two thousand roaring partisans gathered for the best show in the whole election. True, the debate was not about the federal election at all but about Saskatchewan crown companies and sundry personal matters. Though Douglas is probably the ablest and certainly the wittiest stump speaker in the country, Thatcher may have held his own in the debate—newspaper reports tended to be confusing. In any case, Mr. Argue held the seat for the C.C.F. and Mr. Thatcher, unlike Mr. Morse, didn't make his switch stick.

In Vancouver a young Chinese-Canadian lawyer, Douglas Jung, defeated the minister of national defence, becoming the first member of his race to sit in the House. And in Cape Breton, Mr. Kenny Gillis, veteran C.C.F. member and spokesman for the coal miners, was a victim of the Tory tide. But most astounding of all, of course, was the defeat of Mr. Howe.

HOLDING only 104 seats in a House of 265, with nine members of his cabinet defeated, Mr. St. Laurent offered his resignation to the Governor-General (who represents the Queen in Canada), and Mr. Diefenbaker has formed a government. But the Conservatives themselves are twenty-four short of a bare majority and the minor parties hold the balance of power.

Coalition does not seem (at the moment) to be in the cards, and it appears likely that Mr. Diefenbaker will carry on hoping to get enough support, especially from the Social Creditors, to win the major policy votes and the confidence votes. The C.C.F. is unlikely to get involved in any coalition or deal. But the interest of the two minor parties, it seems to me, would not be served by forcing an early election with the country in its present mood. Now that we know that the Progressive Conservatives still exist, indeed are very much alive, the tendency for the anti-Liberal vote to concentrate would be irresistible and the Tories would sweep the country. (Just like the Liberals this time!)

'TIMES CHANGE, MEN CHANGE'

ERIC SEVAREID

The Supreme Court decision in the Watkins case is a sharp, if not broad, check to the power of congressional investigating committees—the sharpest since the seventy-six-year-old Kilbourn case decision, a weapon left virtually untouched all this time, even by Supreme Courts containing some of the present members. The basic point of that decision was that investigation of an individual must be clearly related to specific legislative purpose. The Supreme Court has warned about this before; now it has actually ruled, adversely, on specific questions asked by a specific committee.

The new decision will be hotly debated by both political and scholarly minds for years to come. For the court to rule on the constitutionality of legislative substance is one thing, but for it to rule on the constitutionality of the legislature's procedures is quite another. This is highly sensitive ground, as the angry reactions from some congressmen show. The decision is limited in scope: It does not challenge Congress's right to investigate or to subpoena or to cite for contempt, and it does not mean that there is another Bill of Rights invocation as safe for a balky witness as the Fifth Amendment, or that a witness can legally let his own conscience be his guide as to naming the names of others. It means that investigating committees—where personal jeopardy is involved—must more clearly mark out a witness's path of personal risk of contempt by specifying more concretely the purpose of the inquiry itself and the relevancy of the questions asked him.

The Supreme Court does not find that the House Un-American Activities Committee has exceeded its grant of authority from the House. It finds that this grant of authority itself is excessive—excessively vague and general, permitting unrelated dragnet operations, colloquially called "fishing expeditions." It is not sufficient that unrestricted questioning might uncover new sins that might require new laws. Investigations designed to reap publicity for the investigators are indefensible, says the court. So are investigations whose *aim* is the personal punishment of individual citizens, for committees of Congress cannot seek to do through investigation what the Constitution forbids Congress to do through legislation. The Un-American Activities Committee, specifically, has finally been struck on what its critics have always argued was its Achilles heel—its passion for personalizing its study of the very real Communist problem, a process that has hit the innocent along with the guilty, the merely foolish along with the deliberately dangerous.

This decision has been a long time in coming; this committee in one form or another, under one name or another, has been operating pretty much the same way for nearly twenty years. It created much of the climate that made possible the McCarran Act, Truman's loyalty-security apparatus, and the McCarthy career; it provided the factual orchestration for a cacophonous political era that the courts and other forces now seem to be muffling out.

Only a short time ago, the best students of the problem were convinced that the Supreme Court never would, and perhaps never should, checkmate this committee. Five years ago Cornell University published a study that said, "It seems apparent that the courts, least of all the Supreme Court, have no intention of exercising the power of judicial review to the point where serious Constitutional defects will be found in the committee's authority or procedures."

In the late 1920's and the Roosevelt era, liberal congressmen were doing most of the investigating and liberals wanted the courts to keep hands off. Justice Frankfurter, for example, who joined the majority in the Watkins decision, once wrote that we should "return the workings of the legislative process to the exclusive jurisdiction and control of the legislature."

Times change, men change. Today, in the Eisenhower era, the Supreme Court is coming full circle, after its relative immobility in the Truman era, to an active role as the leading champion of civil liberties in the endless contest between the individual and the state he has created.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The Rebel Of Ebbw Vale

BARBARA VEREKER

LONDON

ONE of the difficulties of dealing with Aneurin Bevan is that you can never be sure what role he is going to assume. As Prime Minister Macmillan remarked in a recent House of Commons debate, sometimes he is "the serious patriotic statesman looking to the future with a deep sense of the responsibilities which he hopes may soon be entrusted to him, and sometimes he reverts to his older nature and the demagogue takes charge of him."

The demagogic side of his nature has been so little in evidence lately that many people have formed the impression that, politically speaking, "Nye" Bevan, at sixty, has grown up at last. As foreign secretary in the Labour "shadow" cabinet, his attacks on Eden's Suez policy showed none of the violence that characterized many of the utterances of his leader, Hugh Gaitskell; at the same time Bevan has been appropriately skeptical about Nasser's aims and ambitions.

"Is it not true," he asked in the House of Commons, "that Egypt has been a beneficiary of international co-operation in securing the withdrawal of British, French, and Israeli troops from Egyptian territory? Is it not, therefore, perfectly clear that we should consider international action in order to secure that Egypt should have regard to other people's opinions?"

Even the most right-wing Tories found nothing to complain of in that, but Bevan may have been more realistic than many of them when he expressed the view that oil could not be obtained from the Middle Eastern nations except on terms that would entitle their peoples to a better standard of living.

"We have to reconcile ourselves," he said, "to the fact that we shall have to buy oil from the Middle East on a commercial basis. Not by intimidation, falsehood, or bribery."

Bevan was the only politician to emerge from the Suez crisis with a heightened reputation. Since then his behavior has continued to be so restrained, so downright responsible, that it is often difficult to realize that this is the man who once described the British middle classes as "lower than vermin," and the British press as "the most prostituted in the world," and who enraged the nation during the war by setting himself up as a sort of one-man opposition to Churchill.

BEVAN is a man who has always aroused extremes of feeling, ranging from the near-idolatry of some of his close associates to the implacable dislike, tinged with alarm, with which he is viewed by the Tory middle classes. He started his political career as an agitator in the coal-mining valleys of South Wales and has been a member of Parliament for his native Ebbw Vale since 1929. His constituents invariably return him with an overwhelming majority, but this big, buccaneering Welshman has hitherto been widely regarded as an incorrigible and irresponsible rebel.

Often his behavior has embarrassed his own side more than the Tories. In the course of his turbulent career there have been rows, splits, both resignation and expulsion from the Labour Party, and on one occasion suspension from the House of Commons for disregarding the authority of the chair. Time and again it has seemed that his career was finally shattered; time and again Bevan has bounced back shouting.

Now, unless he reverts to his old reckless foolishness, it looks as if he may be back for good. People who never had a good word for him can now be heard admitting, in a slightly defensive manner, that he is a brilliant man. The more sentimental, speaking in the indulgent tones of parents discussing a delinquent child, express the view that if he were given real responsibility he might easily rise to it and be perfectly all right. A surprising number of people recall in this connection that for years Churchill was highly unpopular, wholly disregarded, and considered the black sheep of his party. It would be an exaggeration to say that Bevan now enjoys widespread popularity, but it is certainly true that as a personality he attracts more attention than any other British politician now active.

Resounding, Right or Wrong

Whatever Bevan's merits as a politician—and he has made some awe-inspiring blunders in his time—there can be no doubt about his skill as a parliamentarian. He is a magnificent orator with a quick wit and, in the old days at least, a talent for blistering vituperation. He has a fine command of language, and at his best his speeches have an undertow of emotion that can sweep an audience off its feet. Listening to him speak, you sense that here is a man with immense energy and zest for living.

The uncompromising clarity of so many of Bevan's pronouncements has often landed him in trouble. When he is right he is resoundingly right and when he is wrong he is wrong categorically. He speaks with a Welsh lilt, and the stammer that tortured him until he was twenty-five is now little more than a not unattractive mannerism. Only on the rare occasions when he is unhappy about a speech does it reassert itself as a real impediment. It did so in his latest important speech at the end of May, in what everyone profoundly hopes was the concluding debate on the Suez crisis.

IT WAS APPARENT from the start of this debate that there was now nothing new that anyone could say on the subject. Bevan produced occasional flashes of wit: "I am not going to spend any time whatsoever in attacking the foreign secretary," he remarked, adding in the general direction of the prime minister, "If we complain about the tune, there is no reason to attack the monkey when the organ grinder is present."

On the whole, however, the speech was a sorry performance. The most interesting thing about it was peo-

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ple's reaction to it. In the old days many would have been delighted by Bevan's failure. At it was, almost everyone regretted that Westminster's star performer had not come up to expectations. There is now no doubt that except on the rare occasions when Churchill puts in an appearance, Bevan is the dominant personality in the House of Commons. For this reason, if for no other, many Tory M.P.s regard him with exasperated affection.

'Anything Hugh Can Do . . .'

The affection is not shared by the present leaders of his own party, whose resentment of the way in which he continually deflects the limelight from them found expression at a meeting of the "shadow" cabinet at which Bevan was rebuked for asking questions in the House of Commons that should properly have been left to his colleagues. The Tories, eager to suggest a split in the Labour Party, made rather too much of the incident; the Socialists, anxious to paper over any cracks, made rather too little. Bevan emerged unabashed, and a few days later set out for India exuding incipient statesmanship.

It cannot have been entirely coincidence that in his absence the Socialists appeared to have succumbed to an acute attack of indecision. To suggest that Gaitskell missed Bevan's wise guidance would give a false impression of an association unremarkable for its compatibility even before the occasion, at a party conference in 1945, when Bevan described Gaitskell as a "desiccated calculating machine." What Gaitskell probably did miss during Bevan's absence was the stimulating presence of a rival.

There is little doubt that the scholarly Winchester-Oxford man and the rip-roaring ex-pit boy are not only rivals but men whose views on policy are often disparate. There was the faint but discernible difference in attitude toward Eden's Suez policy. There was the far from faint difference over the British H-bomb tests that led to the amendment of Gaitskell's original motion, which merely called on the government to take the initiative in devising proposals to ban all tests by international agreement, to a face-saving compromise calling for a postponement of the British tests, which was remarkably near the line advocated by Bevan all along.

There have been other differences. Gaitskell has approved the Eisenhower Doctrine; Bevan has loudly condemned it. In the next few months the Socialists are to publish statements announcing their policy for the next election. It will be interesting to see how much of it is Bevanite and how much Gaitskellian. In the Labour Party at the moment, as R. A. Butler was overheard to remark, it seems to be a case of "Anything Hugh can do, Nye can do better."

As long as Labour remains the opposition party, Bevan will probably be content to stay as "shadow" foreign secretary. Some people believe that if the Socialists come to power at the next election he will ultimately oust Gaitskell from the leadership, and even some of Bevan's old middle-class enemies seem unhappily reconciled to the idea that there is at least a sporting chance that he will one day be prime minister.

Prisoner of a Description?

Bevan's class-consciousness is both real and deplorable. Nobody wants him to disown his working-class origins. But to suggest, as he sometimes seems to, that anyone who comes from a different background is not worth bothering about is just plain snobbery.

Bevan was born in 1897 in Tredegar, a mining village of small cottages and ever-encroaching slag heaps that lies in a valley behind Ebbw Vale. He grew up at a time when mineowners often showed a despotic disregard for the workers, when trade unions operated under the perpetual threat of legal prosecution, when men lived in houses with no plumbing and worked a sixty-hour week with only Sundays for respite. In those days the fear of unemployment was a permanent force in the valleys, and over every strike hung the specter of starvation.

His father was a miner—years later Bevan was to watch him die of pneumoconiosis, a disease dreaded by miners in which pit dust hardens the lungs until the victim can no longer breathe—and Nye himself was thirteen years old when he went to work in the pits. Of this he has written:

"There is a tiredness which leads to stupor, which remains with you on getting up, and which forms a dull persistent background of your consciousness. That is the tiredness of the miner, particularly the boy of fourteen or fifteen who falls asleep over his meal and wakes up hours later to find that his evening has gone and there is nothing before him but bed and another day's wrestling with inert matter."

Nobody who has any real compassion can fail to understand that this sort of thing leaves scars on a man. With Bevan it sometimes seems that the wounds are still open. To have a fierce, proud, angry contempt for social injustice is no bad thing, but it should not obscure the facts. Today the mines are nationally owned, the men get paid holidays and work a forty-hour week for wages high in the scale of basic industries. The trade unions have a power almost as great as any in the land. A national health service, much of it devised by Bevan himself when he was minister of health in Attlee's government, provides free medical attention for everyone.

"Words persist when the reality which lay behind them has changed. It is inherent in our intellectual activity that we seek to imprison reality in our description of it. Soon, long before we realize it, it is we who become the prisoners of the description. . . ." These words were written by Bevan himself. Too often he seems to forget them.

BEVAN is a man about whom it is unwise to prophesy. At the moment even his intimate friends cannot be sure whom he will be polite to next. It may not last. Nobody can say what his position in the Labour Party will be by the time of the next election, but an increasing number of people are watching his progress with new interest. Nye at his worst can be more exasperating, more downright bigoted, than any other British politician. But Nye at his best has a quality that can call forth loyalty and affection. It just depends on which role he happens to be playing.

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Young Boss Of an Old Paper

ROBERT K. MASSIE

OGDEN ("BROWNIE") REID recently celebrated his second anniversary as president and editor of one of the nation's oldest and most influential newspapers, the New York *Herald Tribune*. To get where he is, thirty-two-year-old Brownie had to replace his reflective older brother, Whitelaw—apparently with the agreement of his mother, Helen Rogers Reid, the paper's principal owner, who seemed to feel that Brownie was the only Reid who could save the *Trib*. Whether he will succeed is still not entirely clear.

The storm at the *Trib* didn't blow up overnight. For almost a decade the paper had been in trouble. In 1946, the last year of Ogden Reid, Sr.'s, life, it made a million dollars, but by the early 1950's it was in the red as much as $750,000 a year. Rumors ran wild: *Look's* Gardner Cowles had cased the *Trib*, Colonel McCormick was interested, and so were the Sarnoffs of RCA. Helen Reid denied everything and promised that the *Trib* would never be sold as long as "a single Reid is left."

The causes of this financial crisis and the consequent revolution lay not only in the rising costs of paper and labor, which have bedeviled all publishers, but also in the vigorous competition of the New York *Times*. For many years the two papers had practically been twins: Each had world-wide on-the-spot coverage, large business and financial sections, and great editorial influence, both locally and nationally. What's more, the papers were competing for the same higher-income subscribers and the same "quality" advertising revenue.

In this race the *Times* has long held a substantial lead. In the decade since 1946 the *Times's* daily circulation has fluctuated in the vicinity of 550,000, while the *Trib's* figure has been closer to 350,000. And on Sunday, the *Times's* readership has been well over 1,100,000 since 1953. From a record 729,000 in 1947, the Sunday *Trib* fell to around 550,000 in the mid-1950's.

To many observers, these figures began to suggest that the distinguished *Herald Tribune*, already the smallest of New York's seven major dailies, would be forced out. The city, it seemed, simply could not support two newspapers of the caliber and coverage of the *Times* and the *Trib*.

The Three Generations

It was a disheartening prospect. The *Herald Tribune* has a long history and a respected tradition of independent Republicanism and of good writing. In 1860 Horace Greeley, founder of the *Tribune*, blocked the nomination of William H. Seward, the front runner, throwing the choice to a dark horse from Illinois. When Greeley died, the paper passed to Brownie's grandfather, editor Whitelaw Reid. Reid's only son, Ogden, inherited the editorship in 1913. During the next thirty-four years, Ogden Reid, Sr., put together perhaps the finest newspaper staff in the country: Franklin P. Adams, Grantland Rice, Heywood Broun, Don Marquis, Robert Benchley, J. P. Marquand, Joseph Alsop, Walter Lippmann, Nunnally Johnson, John O'Hara, Ernest K. Lindley, and Deems Taylor, to name only a few. The elder Ogden Reid bought the *Herald* in 1924 from Frank Munsey (who had acquired it in 1920 after the heyday of the James Gordon Bennetts). Though it was always firmly Republican, the accuracy and scope of the *Trib's* news coverage held the lifelong attention of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When her husband died in 1947, Helen Reid turned the editorship over to her son Whitey, then thirty-three. Through years of managing the *Trib's* advertising department, Mrs. Reid had earned the reputation of being one of America's most brilliant businesswomen. At this juncture, therefore, she kept the business reins to herself.

THE TWO Reid brothers make a fascinating contrast. Whitey, twelve years the elder, has reddish hair and wide blue eyes; he could be considered a tweedy type. Brownie, who acquired the nickname because as as boy he tanned easily, has black hair and dark eyes, and has been wearing blue business suits since his days at Yale. Whitey dabbles in architecture and likes figure skating; Brownie prefers motorcycling, night-clubbing, and big-game hunting. Whitey is hesitant and self-effacing; his brother is confident and forceful. Although they live on different parts of the family estate in White Plains and their children (Whitey's two sons and Brownie's three) share the same swimming pool, the two families see each other infrequently.

Whitey was groomed from birth to take over the *Trib*. After Yale, where he was a member of the class of '36, he began working his way up through the ranks, including a brief stint as a war correspondent in Britain. His progress was interrupted by a tour of duty as a pilot of Navy patrol bombers in the Pacific, and when he came back to New York after the war, it became quickly apparent that Whitey had no special interest in the business side of newspapering.

MEANWHILE, Brownie Reid was growing up very much in the shadow of his older brother. He was thin, and handicapped by both bad eyes and chronic sinus trouble. With his parents at the office all day and his brother off at school, he spent a lot of time alone. He did get, however, an intimate early political education. The notables of the G.O.P. called often at the Reid mansion on Eighty-fourth Street; Brownie remembers Wendell Willkie with particular clarity and affection.

Brownie went to Deerfield Academy, where his nasal voice inspired the nickname "Oggie the Froggie." When he graduated in 1943, Brownie won the Academy prize for greatest improvement.

Paratroop training and a tour with the occupation forces in Japan

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took three years. In 1947, Brownie was at Yale in search of a quick degree. Arranging his classes for convenient commuting from White Plains, sixty miles away, he spent very few nights on campus—only about a dozen during his senior year. He majored in political science. "All the time Brownie was at Yale," a roommate has said, "I had the feeling he was saying to himself, 'Someday I'll be responsible for running the *Trib*. What do I need to know to do it?' "

Soon after graduation in 1949, Brownie became a cub in the *Trib* city room. Editors didn't know quite how to handle him. "For instance," one of them has said, "take the time he wanted to fly out in his own plane to cover some floods in the Middle West. It was his plane and his newspaper, so what the hell? Sure we printed his pictures."

BROWNIE'S specialty was subversion. He was co-author of a series on "The Threat of Red Sabotage" that won praise from J. Edgar Hoover but shocked some of his fellow reporters. Brownie wrote a weekly column called "The Red Underground," and before he took over the *Trib's* Paris edition in 1953, he persuaded FBI counterspy Herbert (*I Led Three Lives*) Philbrick to bring his material and himself to the *Trib*.

The year in Paris was a solid success. Brownie added American comics to the six-page journal. The story current at the time was that temporary expatriates like John Foster Dulles and Clare Boothe Luce had told him they missed seeing them. The real object, most likely, was to increase circulation among G.I.s in Europe. The funnies also picked up French readers, who used them to teach English to their children.

Meanwhile, a $400,000 debt to the New York parent paper was being liquidated and plans were completed for the ten- to twelve-page format that now reaches some sixty thousand readers daily.

Brought back to New York in 1954 as vice-president and business manager of the *Trib*, Brownie began work on a plan for its complete overhaul, including negotiations for new financing.

The climax came at the April, 1955, meeting of the board of directors, most of them company officials. Mrs. Reid, who owned 170 of the paper's two hundred shares, announced that she was resigning as chairman, a post Whitey was taking. The presidency and editorship were then given to twenty-nine-year-old Brownie.

The night before this unhappy meeting, Whitey, suddenly realizing that he was about to be replaced, called a last-minute meeting of some of the paper's senior editors. They

Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. Brownie Reid

gathered at midnight in his New York apartment, where he told them he had learned that money was going to be put up the next day by someone else but that, given time, he could get the money too. Whitey wanted his guests to give him their support to take into the next day's struggle.

The little group decided to try to speak to Mrs. Reid and tell her they preferred to stand by Whitey, but it was too late. The next day Brownie was in and Whitey was moved upstairs to a position of little real authority. There are still two hundred shares of stock, but as Brownie told me, "They are not divided as they were; there have been changes and the chief executive officer [Brownie himself] now holds total control."

'Indian Frank's' Two Pay Checks

The staff buzzed with speculation as to what the palace revolution would mean to them. They got an answer when Frank Taylor, a former Hearst publisher and Brownie's new chief aide as executive vice-president, brought them together for a talk: "I've always worked for two pay checks," he said. "One I put in the bank. The other I wrap around my heart." Recoiling from this, veteran editors and reporters flinched again at Taylor's conclusion: "We must dedicate ourselves to sticking our thumbs in the eyes of all who oppose the American Dream!" On the spot he was nicknamed "Indian Frank."

Once in command, Brownie launched an immediate drive on the circulation problem. The frontal assault on the traditional *Times-Trib* reader was called off and a flanking attack set in motion. Its two objectives were the tabloid readers, who, it was said, "should be reading something with more background," and the flocks of young families in the suburbs who found the *Times* and the old *Trib* too stuffy. Catching the eye of these audiences meant promotion, and Taylor issued a general order of the day: "The *Trib* must be talked about."

That summer of 1955 was a busy time. In May a new pocket-size TV booklet went into the Sunday paper. Resembling the nationally circulated *TV Guide*, it was such a success that newspapers across the country hurried to copy it. Cash-paying puzzle contests, an old Hearst come-on, were blossoming in the daily editions. The first of these, "Tangle Towns," had given circulation a temporary boost. A new third section, devoted primarily to sports, was added, and to make sure everybody would know it was a *Trib* feature, it was printed on mint-green paper.

THE NEXT STEP was to hold the newly won readers. After decades of struggle against the *Times's* exhaustive coverage, Brownie voluntarily conceded the field. Over the entrance to the twenty-story Herald Tribune Building a sign bears the modern *Trib* credo: "More News in Less Time." "Readers' time," as Brownie told me, "is at a premium. We see no virtue in length if it can be said briefly. Mass circulation needn't be equated with cheapness; it can be equated, though, with human interest and incisiveness."

Pursuing this objective, Brownie's

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editors present *Trib* readers with "the core of the news, flavored by the spice of life." The "core" is the work of an increasingly large news staff that includes a crack Washington bureau. Headed by Don Whitehead (*The FBI Story*) and including Robert J. Donovan (*Eisenhower: The Inside Story*) and Marguerite Higgins, this group is supplemented by the paper's syndicated political commentators: Walter Lippmann, Roscoe Drummond, and the Alsops. The "spice," supplied by sports columnist Red Smith, TV critic John Crosby, and European columnist Art Buchwald, extends back to the business pages, where Joseph Kaselow's light-touch Madison Avenue column is scanned every day by the titans of American salesmanship.

All of this is solidly in the best *Trib* tradition. But quite a different tradition is represented by the *Trib's* sudden obsession with the lacquered personalities of Broadway and Hollywood and by the increased picture coverage—the *Trib* has recently claimed more photo yardage than either of the morning tabloids —devoted extensively to publicity shots of stars and starlets passing through the local airports.

'Painting the White House Green'

For some members of his staff, Brownie's two years have been disturbing. Shocked by Frank Taylor's inaugural address and by green newsprint ("like painting the White House green"), they worry about loss of the dignity the paper enjoyed in the days when the *Trib* was known across the country as "a newspaperman's newspaper." Many are irritated by the inroads of the "gossipists," led by the popular Broadway columnist Hy Gardner, who not only writes a daily column but edits the Sunday TV booklet and is in charge of the paper's promotion as well. Gardner's growing power is considered symptomatic of what is wrong with the new *Herald Tribune*. A number of staff luminaries left the paper soon after Brownie took over, among them city editors Joseph Herzberg and Fendall Yerxa, Pulitzer Prize-winning foreign correspondent Homer Bigart, and nature writer John ("Tex") O'Reilly.

The biggest target of general criticism has been the layout of the paper's front page. In this prime space, startled old-time *Trib* readers now find a jumble of crime and sex stories that Ogden Reid, Sr., would have buried amid the classifieds. When one of his editors warned Brownie that his new front page wouldn't win any more Ayer Cups, awarded annually for excellence of layout, his reply was, "Ayer Cups don't sell newspapers."

JUST WHAT does sell newspapers, and specifically *Herald Tribunes*? Puzzle contests did, at least temporarily. But last winter, with no "Tangle Towns," the *Trib's* daily circulation had decreased since the winter before by 7,000 to 367,000. Sunday circulation had fallen by 20,000 to 576,000. By contrast, the *Times* enjoyed impressive increases of 52,000 to 623,000 daily and of 47,000 to 1,277,000 on Sunday. As for advertising, although 1956 was the best year *Trib* ad salesmen have ever had, in both 1955 and 1956 the *Times* sold more than twice the *Trib* space.

Be that as it may, Brownie has proudly announced that the paper is now out of the red and "comfortably in the black." He told me that "In 1955 our profit was in six figures" and that he was "considering acquisition of other properties." There seems little doubt that Brownie has improved the paper's financial status—whatever he may have done to its editorial content.

As for Brownie's politics, one critic has said, "I thought he'd begin with a loyalty check on the whole staff and then, with the remnants, Brownie would take the paper over to the far right wing." Brownie himself scoffs at such fears. "During the year McCarthy was at the height of his power, I was in Paris and saw first hand the damage he did to American prestige. I say 'Thank God the country has seen the end of McCarthyism.'" But some memories die slowly. At least one former member of the staff draws a parallel between Brownie Reid and Richard Nixon. He told me that "Brownie says his mission is to liberalize the Republican Party because this is an era when liberalizing the Republican Party is the popular thing to be for."

On one or two occasions the *Trib* has criticized the administration rather sharply, but in general has done its best to make the *Herald Tribune* the mouthpiece of East Coast Eisenhower Republicanism. Whether in the long run this is the best way to political influence is an open question. In the past the *Trib* put as much stress on its independence as on its Republicanism, and its power and prestige were at a level no party house organ can ever match.

Nevertheless, the *Trib's* big stake in the present administration is a source of pride to all the Reids, and Brownie has done his utmost to encourage this relationship. Every morning the *Tribune* is the only newspaper placed in the President's White House office (he does see others at breakfast), and during the Geneva "Summit" Conference Brownie personally saw to it that a copy of the Paris edition, flown in by chartered plane, was on the President's breakfast table by seven.

It is difficult, of course, to say how much influence one newspaper can exert on a President. Mr. Eisenhower himself has been heard to call the *Trib* "a very fair newspaper, whose news columns are written objectively." Many Republicans feel that during the days after the President's heart attack, when everybody was confused about his future, it was an open letter "To the President" on the front page of the *Trib* that crystallized support behind the position that if Eisenhower was pronounced medically fit, the party wanted him as its 1956 candidate. It has even been suggested that this open letter had considerable influence on Mr. Eisenhower himself.

In political affairs closer to home, *Trib* influence operates more directly and is easier to trace. When New York's senior senator, Herbert Lehman, announced last summer that he was not planning to run again, there was a scramble in both parties to pick winning candidates. The Democrats came up with New York's popular mayor, Robert Wagner. The Republicans had a tougher time. Their ablest and most attractive candidate, New York Attorney General Jacob Javits, had occupied so liberal a position during his years as a congressman that some members of the

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Republican high command accused him of being in the wrong party. There were even charges that Javits had had Communist affiliations. After this wrangle had gone on for several days, another front-page *Trib* editorial came down heavily for Javits, who was nominated and in November won the election.

To questions about his own possible political ambitions, Brownie replies that the *Tribune* is sufficient responsibility. "If my father had left us a cookie factory in the condition this paper was in, I'd have been justified in selling out. But the *Trib* is one of the world's most important newspapers and democracy needs an informed public opinion."

Loneliness and Dilemmas

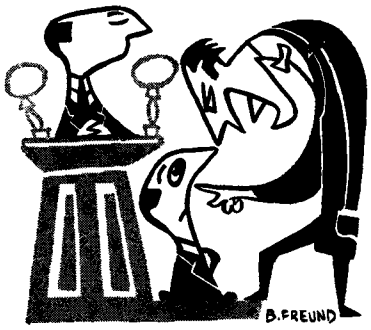
Brownie takes his own role extremely seriously. "When you get right down to it," he has said, "newspaper editors must act as the conscience of the free world. No other media can editorialize so directly; magazines come out after the event has lost its immediacy; radio and TV are largely forbidden from it by law. Thus a newspaper editor is often a lonely man. Before the presses can roll, he must take a stand." After a statement like this, Brownie may add apologetically, "These are high-sounding words, perhaps, but I really believe them." There is, of course, no better place for high-sounding words than in the pages of a newspaper that sincerely and intelligently addresses them to a thoughtful audience.

Herein lies Brownie's dilemma. He wants a big hand in local and national politics, but this requires holding the thoughtful, influential, "stuffy" *Trib* subscribers whose readership has long been a factor in the paper's prestige. Some of these readers, unhappy with the new slicked-up "human interest" *Trib*, have already fallen away. Others hang on largely because of the columnists. If Brownie persists in his present course, he may lose much of his high-caliber audience and thus will be circumscribing his future political influence. It will be a tough choice to make. But the *Trib's* present circulation status suggests that it is difficult to run with the tabloids and hunt with the *Times*. People seem to want one or the other.

Lawyers On Trial

IRENE SOEHREN

RECENTLY the lawyers of Connecticut were assessed five dollars each by their state bar association to pay for the defense of eight alleged Communists who claimed they had no money to pay for counsel. In Denver leading law firms assigned one member from each to defend Communists. In Cleveland a Federal judge asked the bar association to obtain counsel for alleged Communists who could not afford competent lawyers. When the association collected money for the lawyers' fees, U.S. Assistant



Attorney General William F. Tompkins reportedly commented that lawyers who take up these cases are the latest "dupes of Communist Party strategy."

Lawyers all over the country protested and Tompkins hastily said he was misquoted. But the incident highlighted the current difficulty in securing legal aid for unpopular defendants.

"If you take the position that a lawyer should not represent a man charged with a crime, you substitute trial by lawyer for trial by jury," according to Newman Levy, an outstanding criminal lawyer whose father was a famous criminal lawyer before him. "You are letting the lawyer determine guilt or innocence. A lawyer has no right to make a judgment."

Levy defended Alexander Trachtenberg, a publisher, and George Charney, an official of the Communist Party. His clients were charged with teaching and advocating the overthrow of the government by violence. "They were charged not with actions but with talking and teaching ideas," says Levy. "I and many lawyers consider such a charge a violation of the First Amendment." Many of Levy's lawyer friends complimented him for doing what he supposes their uneasy consciences told them they should have been doing.

Harold Wolfram, for seventeen years an associate of the late Lloyd Paul Stryker, thinks that Levy may have escaped criticism only because this was his first Communist case. "Such a defense does hurt a lawyer," says Wolfram. A few years ago Stryker may have lost a Federal judgeship because of his defense of Alger Hiss in the first trial, which ended in a hung jury.

Wolfram points out that people don't object when mediocre lawyers represent unpopular clients; they pick on the lawyer only if he is an important man with a fairly substantial reputation. "A lawyer like that can afford to take only a certain number of these cases," Wolfram has said. "The time comes when he has to say to a prospective client, 'I have taken my share, and you've got to get someone else.' We turned some down. We had to."

'Fritz from Chicago'

Occasionally a lawyer cannot turn down an unwanted client. When the court appoints a lawyer to defend an unpopular case, he is duty bound to accept unless he has very good reason for refusing. Harold Medina, before he went on the bench, was handed such a case by John C. Knox, chief judge of the Southern District of New York.

Anthony Cramer, German-born but a naturalized American, was charged with collaborating with Werner Thiel, who came over on a

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German submarine to sabotage the aluminum industry. Thiel and Cramer had been close friends for many years, living and working together in this country. When the Nazis came to power, Cramer wouldn't have anything to do with them, whereas Thiel returned to Germany.

Although Medina didn't relish the idea of taking a treason case, all his legal training told him that it was a patriotic duty he had to accept. He met his client in a bare little room down in the catacombs under the Federal courthouse. Locked in with the lawyer, Cramer told how, in response to a mysterious note slipped under his door, he had gone to Grand Central Terminal to meet "Fritz from Chicago." Fritz turned out to be Thiel, who was evasive about his return but wanted Cramer to keep his money belt containing $3,600, from which Cramer was to be repaid an old debt of $200.

"That wasn't treason, was it?" Cramer asked.

"I don't know," Medina answered.

"THAT WAS A sockdolager," Medina recalls. "Cramer turned white as a sheet. He walked over to the basin, turned on the cold water, and let it run over his head. It never dawned on him until then that he was in real trouble."

Medina was in trouble, too. "The lawyers all understood why I ought to take the case, why I really had no alternative," he says, "but nobody else understood. My own mother just bawled me out and said she couldn't understand it. The fellow ought to be taken out in the back yard and shot, and was I mixed up with all these Nazis?

"What I went through in that trial is just nobody's business. One day I went out in the hall to take a smoke. As I was walking back up the aisle, a spectator spat all over me. I couldn't make a rumpus, so I just had to walk calmly up to the counsel table and wipe my face off. It took a lot of self-control."

Medina believes that his experience in this trial indelibly influenced his attitude as a judge. "You just have no conception what it means when you are up there fighting for justice, when you can't win anything for yourself at all," he says. "The chances are you just get kicked around and people think less of you for doing it. But I will tell you with the utmost sincerity that I never in my life had the thrill that I got when I was there fighting for that man. I didn't care anything about him. I did care about our administration of justice, seeing to it that whether Cramer was a German or not he got no worse a deal than anyone else."

In spite of Medina's efforts the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and Cramer was sentenced to forty-five years. In the Circuit Court of Appeals Medina lost again, and then he appealed to the Supreme Court. Since this was the first treason case ever to reach the highest court, Medina made a painstaking study of the treason clause in our Constitution. He was called to argue the case before the Supreme Court twice.

Medina spent a large part of his professional time for three years in the defense of Cramer without a cent of pay. But the conviction was finally reversed, and Anthony Cramer was freed of the charge of treason.

WHEN Sergeant John David Provoo gained his freedom in 1955, he had lived under the capital charge of treason for five years and had been under its shadow since the fall of Corregidor in 1942. Provoo was accused of collaborating with the enemy and causing the execution of another POW, Captain Burton C. Thomson, at the hands of the Japanese.

After the conviction Circuit Judge Thomas Swan asked George A. Spiegelberg, one of the most reputable lawyers in New York, to defend Sergeant Provoo before the Court of Appeals.

If ever a defendant was tried by newspaper, Provoo was that man. Ex-servicemen and the general public had it in for him. People had made up their minds he was guilty, so his release came as a shock. Judge Roszel C. Thomsen praised the efforts of Provoo's court-appointed defenders as "a demonstration that the bar today, as in the past, will protect our liberties with ability and devotion."

"But it was a terrible job," according to Spiegelberg. "I spent all one summer getting familiar with the record, and it took twenty-five per cent of my time for one year. Provoo never had any money, so I got no pay."

The Public-Defender System

Yet Spiegelberg is opposed to the precedent of the Connecticut bar in paying for the defense of Communists: "The bar more and more is recognizing that indigent defendants in important criminal cases have great difficulty in being properly represented. I think it is the government's obligation to see that the defendant gets a proper trial and is properly represented, and for that it is very essential that the lawyers for the defense be paid by the government. The average lawyer cannot take more than an occasional unpaid case and earn a living."

Although the Federal government provides no funds for paying counsel in the Federal courts, some state legislatures appropriate money to pay counsel in a capital case a flat fee up to $1,500. Many lawyers feel that defense for those who cannot pay should be handled by a special class of officials to be called public defenders, whose jobs would parallel that of the prosecuting attorney. Others, like George Spiegelberg, fear that the public defender would soon be up to his neck in politics. Federal

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Judge Edward J. Dimock, who was appointed to the bench at the time Stryker's name was submitted, strongly opposes the public-defender system as a step toward totalitarianism.

"Put yourself in the place of a poverty-stricken Puerto Rican who does not speak English," says Dimock. "You are innocent, but bystanders have identified you as the man who fatally stabbed a government narcotics agent in an East Harlem crowd. How would you like to be told that another government official would act as your representative?"

To people who argue that the public defender, like the public prosecutor, would be impartial, Dimock answers that the attorney for the defense is not supposed to be impartial but partisan for his client. He urges that Congress make public funds available to pay specially assigned private counsel or, better still, that we give adequate private support to legal-aid societies or voluntary defenders' organizations.

The Bund, Rubinstein, Costello

Leo Fennelly, a prominent member of the New York bar, has defended a variety of unsavory clients, sometimes without pay. During the war the U.S. District Court asked him to help defend eighteen German-American Bundists accused of urging Germans not to register for the draft. When his family, business clients, and even other lawyers raised disapproving eyebrows, Fennelly would explain, "We are representing these men because it is our duty to maintain our judicial system and prevent the kind of thing now going on in Germany, where there is no such system and a fair trial is impossible." Critics were amazed to learn that Fennelly put in nearly a year's work on this case with no compensation whatever.

Russian-born Serge Rubinstein, later murdered in his New York apartment, had the funds to pay for his defense when Fennelly defended him on a draft-dodging charge in 1946. "The government was trying to deport him," says Fennelly. "He was very unpopular and jurors who could give him a fair and impartial trial were hard to find. The jurors' sons had been drafted into the Army for four years at sixty dollars a month, and here an alien came in, made piles of money, and did nothing in return. Yet I think Rubinstein's financial affairs when he made his draft statement actually were such that he could not get ready cash to support his family if he was drafted. And truck drivers for his oil company were being deferred as essential to the war effort, so the president of the company might think himself essential. But people assumed his guilt without knowing the facts. They would ask me, 'Why do you defend a man like that?' and I would answer, 'Because he has a right to be defended.' "

As a government prosecutor Fennelly handled cases against big-time business operators involved in million-dollar swindles. As a defense lawyer he still handles cases with a financial angle. The government could never get the goods on Frank Costello for his alleged underworld activities but indicted him for income-tax evasion. The Supreme Court, upholding Costello's conviction, unanimously held that hearsay evidence is adequate before a grand jury. "I think the decision is very unsound," says Fennelly. "It violates the purpose of the grand jury, which is to investigate crime and stand between the citizen and the power of the government to prosecute. If no competent evidence is required, a prosecutor can come in and get a grand jury to indict without proof of crime."

The Costello defense brought Fennelly the usual quota of pained frowns and surprised stares. "Such criticism doesn't disturb me," he says, "as long as I feel all right."

Morris Ernst, the famous civil-liberties lawyer, has said, "That was one of the most important cases in America: Can a grand jury indict on hearsay? Yet Costello went all over New York and couldn't get a lawyer." Costello's difficulty in getting a lawyer proves only that lawyers are human. Ideally, they take any case, but they cannot completely scrap their own prejudices.

Ernst defended Margaret Sanger's teachings on birth control, Mary Dennett's pamphlet "The Sex Side of Life," and *Life* magazine's article on "The Birth of a Baby." He defended a best-selling book on Lesbianism, Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness,* and secured the admission of Joyce's *Ulysses* into the United States. When *Forever Amber* was attacked in Massachusetts Ernst defended the book and won the case.

When his literary friends ask him why he defends a book they consider trash, he replies, "That has nothing to do with the issue, and it is irrelevant whether I want to read a particular book. Should the state have the right to determine our literary diet? Lawyers think the state goes too far in censoring, but it is unpopular to defend such cases."

Ernst insists that cowardice makes lawyers shy away from unpopular cases even though, he believes, "There is no evidence that a lawyer loses clients because of unpopular defenses."

The Scottsboro Mentality

John Bolt Culbertson, a white lawyer in Greenville, South Carolina, who will put up a real defense for a Negro charged with racial crime, says, "Morris Ernst is no doubt a successful lawyer, but I'd like him to practice six months here in the South and then express his honest opinion. The other day I chanced to ride on one of the courthouse elevators with a group of strangers, and to be pleasant I asked if they were on the jury. One replied that they were and asked if I had a case in court. I replied 'No,' whereupon the spokesman stated it was good for me that I didn't because he'd find against my client. And this same man would swear in open court that he could give the defendant a fair and impartial trial!"

It is exceedingly difficult to get a white lawyer to defend a Negro in the South in any case involving the racial question, and there aren't many Southern Negro lawyers. The few Northern lawyers who have gone South to defend Negroes have been amazed at the prejudice and hostility they encountered.

In 1933 Samuel S. Leibowitz, now a New York State judge, went to Alabama to defend the Scottsboro boys, nine Negro youths accused of raping a couple of white girls who turned out to be prostitutes. Everybody in town wanted the boys

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hanged. When Leibowitz took up the defense, they muttered, "It'll be a wonder if he leaves town alive."

Judge James E. Horton, Jr., presiding judge at the first trials, was another unpopular participant in the Scottsboro case. Hearing of a Ku Klux Klan meeting, the judge solemnly warned the spectators in his court against mob violence. Two years later he was defeated as a "nigger lover" when he ran for reelection. Five years later he died, heartbroken and disillusioned.

THE AVERAGE citizen seldom thinks of the price of justice to those who administer it. Looking back, Harold Medina thinks of his defense of Cramer as his greatest professional accomplishment. "The worse the charge, the more important it is that the lawyer defend a fellow. It is hard to get that over to the American people. Frankly, I don't think there is any reason not to take a case. When called on to defend a person charged with serious crime, the lawyer cannot get emotional or sentimental about it."

Medina doesn't think he changed when he went on the bench. When the first Communist cases were tried before him in 1949 he endeavored to do justice while Communists outside the courtroom waged a bitter campaign against him through picketing, chanting, and mailing him piles of abusive letters and telegrams. Preying on his fear of high places, they urged him to jump to his death as Secretary of Defense James Forrestal had done.

After his ordeal the judge was unexpectedly deluged with other letters. "It was just as though the word 'America' had been written across the face of every one of those letters," he says. "It seemed as though these thousands upon thousands of people knew that our American heritage could only be preserved by the dealing out of evenhanded justice between the litigants, wholly irrespective of their race or condition or the seriousness of the charge against them. What this great mass of so-called little people have sense enough to realize is that our liberties and our way of life can only be preserved by men of loyalty and sincerity who call them as they see them coming over the plate."

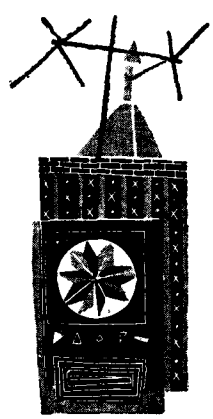
VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Perils and Rewards Of Going into Trade

GORE VIDAL

I MUST CONFESS right off that I am not at heart a playwright. I am a novelist turned temporary adventurer; and I chose to write television, movies, plays for much the same reason as Captain Morgan selected the Spanish Main for his peculiar—and not dissimilar—sphere of operations. The reasons for my conversion to piracy are to me poignant, and to students of our society perhaps significant.

If I may recall in nostalgic terms the near past, I did, as a novelist, enjoy a bright notoriety after the Second World War. Those were the happy years when a new era in our



letters was everywhere proclaimed; we would have, it was thought, a literature to celebrate the new American empire; our writers would reflect our glory and complement the beautiful hardness of our currency. But something went wrong. The new era did not materialize and the work of my generation was finally dismissed—for the present at least—as a false dawn. And it *is* a fact that the novel as a popular art form retrogressed gravely in our reign. Not clever enough to interest the better critics, nor simple enough to divert the public, we lost the critics to pure criticism and the public to impure television. By the 1950's I and my once golden peers were plunged into that dim cellar of literature characterized as "serious," where, like the priests of a shattered establishment, we were left to tend our prose privately—so many exiles, growing mushrooms in the dark.

THE PASSAGE of time has only confirmed the new order. Less and less often is that widening division between the commercially viable and the seriously meaningful bridged by the rare creator who is both. Most of the publishing events of recent years have been the crudely recollected experiences of nonwriters. Apparently obliterated is the antique conception of the man of letters creating a life's work to be enjoyed by the common reader in continuity. True, that nineteenth-century phenomenon never quite took root in this country, and lovely though New England's Indian summer was, winter, when it came, was killing; nowadays our better literary men seek refuge in the universities, leaving what is left of the public novel to transient primitives and to sturdy hacks. Nor, let me say, are the serious writers themselves responsible for their unpopularity, as our more chauvinistic editorial writers would have it. The good work of the age is being done, as always. Rather it is the public that has changed. Television, movies, the ease of travel—so many diversions have claimed the attention of the old reading public that it is doubtful if the novel will ever again have the enormous prestige, the universal audience it had at that golden moment when an idler on a

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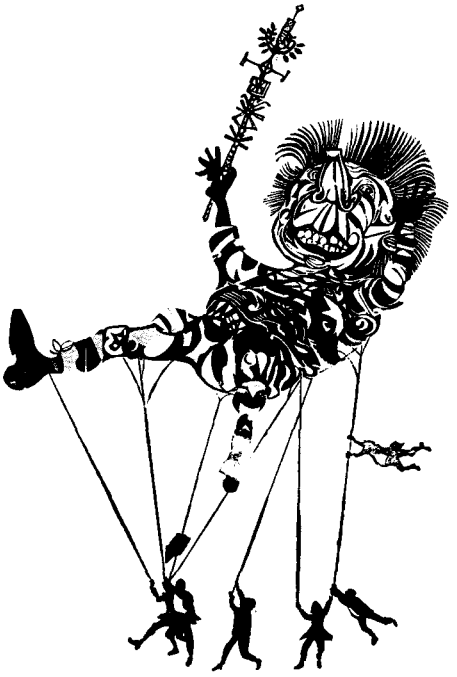
Mississippi wharf shouted to the pilot of a passing steamer: "Is Little Nell dead?" And, alas, Mistah Kurtz, he dead, too—solemnly embalmed by the Academy.

Today, the large audience holds communion in a new, more compelling establishment. I doubt if many Americans could identify a single character in a work of modern fiction, but there are few who could not describe in exact detail the night on television when Charles Van Doren failed to identify the king of the Belgians. And it is vain to deplore a cultural change. After two pre-eminent centuries, the novel no longer is useful to the public—yet only novelists need mourn, for it is a fact of civilization that each society creates the games it wants to play.

And though the main audience has turned back to the play (in all its various forms, both "live" and filmed), it is, nevertheless, a stoic consolation for those of us whose first allegiance is the novel to know that there will always be some serious interest in one's work, that the keys to the kingdom of prose will continue to be passed on from hand to hand. And though I rather suspect that in a century's time the novel will be as rare and private an art form as poetry today or that delicate and laborious process by which dedicated men fire glass with color, it will always be worth the doing.

Harsh Words from Tennessee

There are, of course, compensations in any defeat. There is the sense of a hard duty done, and in the case of the artist who has become unfashionable or—worse still—whose art form has collapsed beneath him, there is an obvious grandeur in holding fast to the high altar as ominous fissures in the earth open and the columns fall. In one sense, I await oblivion with a martyr's complacency; it pleases me to write novels and I shall continue to the end, with or without readers. But making enough money to live presents a problem, and since I am not clever enough to go into business (much the wisest course for anyone who wants to be a serious writer, if only because one's literary faculties are not exploited by the day's work), I was forced to learn a trade. I chose playwriting. It did not tap the same sources of energy as novel writing. It was highly remunerative, and if one bothered to take it seriously, it could provide a marvelous megaphone through which to trum-



pet those fancies and irritable crotchets one would like the many to heed.

Over the years I attempted three stage plays. When I was nineteen I wrote a quasi-poetical work about, heaven alone knows why, a man who became a werewolf in Manhattan. I destroyed all copies of this early effort only to learn recently that a collector had somehow got hold of a copy, a ghastly prospect for some as yet unborn English major.

The next play I wrote was on an equally obscure subject, written in a Pindaric frenzy in the spring of 1948 at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. Later that summer, I gave it to Tennessee Williams to read. He pronounced it the worst play he'd read in some time, and I abandoned playwriting for good, I thought, after first pointing out to him that a literary form which depended on the combined excellence of others for its execution could hardly be worth the attention of a serious writer—adding with deliberate cruelty that I did not envy him being stage-struck and his life taken up with such ridiculous people as actors and directors. He agreed that I should not expose myself just yet to this sort of tedium.

Six years later, driven by necessity, I took the plunge into television, the very heart of darkness, and to my surprise found that I liked it, that it could be taken seriously, and that in spite of the many idiot restrictions imposed by those nervous men who pay for plays—the sponsors—it was possible to do a certain amount of satisfactory work. The thought, too, of a mass audience was awesome. New novels are not wanted. They are written because one wants to write them and that is that. But television needed plays by the hundreds. I don't think there has been anything comparable since the Elizabethan theater, when new plays were turned out with rich abandon to keep resident companies busy (no further comparison, of course, is possible).

Yet despite its raw youth there is a tradition already firmly established in television that comedies seldom work and that satire *never* does. Like most traditions, this one is founded on a small truth. For one thing, the comedy timing of stage-trained actors is inevitably affected by the absence of human response during a performance, and, for another, several people sitting at home glumly staring at a television set are not apt to find anything very amusing unless it is heavily underscored by laughter from a studio audience. And plays on television are performed without audiences.

Satire presents a further difficulty for the mass audience. If satire is to be effective, the audience must be aware of the thing satirized; if they are not, the joke falls flat. Unfortunately for our native satirists, the American mass audience possesses very little general information on any subject. Each individual knows his own immediate world, but as various research polls continually inform us, he holds little knowledge in common with others. Even political jokes, were they allowed on television, would not have much relevance. Recently one national poll discovered that almost half of those queried could not identify the Secretary of State. The size of the population of course has much to do with

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this collective ignorance. When Aristophanes made a satiric point, he could be confident that his audience would appreciate his slyest nuance because in a small community each citizen was bound to share with his fellows a certain amount of general information—literary, religious, and political. National units today are too large and, in America at least, education too bland to hope for much change. As a result, satire, unless done very broadly, like that of Mr. Al Capp, our national Hogarth (or the playing version of my *Visit to a Small Planet*), puzzles and irritates rather than amuses.

I have often thought that the domination of naturalism in our letters is directly attributable to the breakdown of the old homogeneous American society of the nineteenth century by, variously, the influx of immigration, the discovery of exciting new machinery, the ease of travel. Yet before this burst of population and invention, an educated man, writing allusively, could assume that his readers would respond knowledgeably to a fairly large number of references both literary and social. Since 1900 this has been less and less possible, and it is no coincidence that naturalism should be to this day the preferred manner in the novel, if only because the naturalistic writer, by definition, takes nothing for granted. He assumes that the reader knows no more than he chooses to tell. He constructs a literal world of concrete detail. His narrative is easily followed. He records the surface of life with a photographer's care, leaving the interpretation, the truth of his record to the reader's imagination: The result is that our time's most successful *popular* writing, aesthetically, is journalism—another dagger at the novel's heart.

An Extraction in Boston

The idea for *Visit to a Small Planet*—from outer space arrives a charming hobbyist named Kreton whose blithe intent it is to start a war: "I mean it's the one thing you people down here do *really* well!"—was rejected by three television sponsors before the Philco-Goodyear Playhouse bought it. I was told that the advertisers found the premise alarming, which was certainly dis-

ingenuous of them. Had I not spun my fragile satire about the one glittering constant in human affairs, the single pastime that never palls: war? In fact, one might say that *Visit* is the happiest of pro-war plays.

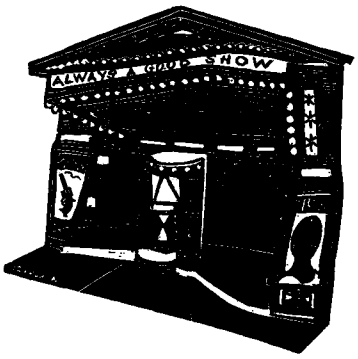
But only Philco saw the austere beauty of my conceit, and on the night of May 8, 1955, it was telecast. With some anxiety we waited for the roof to fall in; to our very real surprise it did not, and most people were pleased with my gentle heresy. I suspect it was Cyril Ritchard's fine performance which did most of the pleasing, but that was to be expected.

I was then informed that George Axelrod would like me to do a stage version that he himself would produce. And so it came to pass. Expansion was not difficult. As a novelist, I am accustomed to using a hundred thousand words to net my meaning. My problem theatrically has always been one of compression; left to myself, I go on and on. After the script was ready there were the usual trials, delays, problems of temperament; each participant confident the others had gone into secret league to contrive his professional ruin (and on occasion cabals did flourish—the theater is a child's world).

On January 16, 1957, the play opened in New Haven. From that moment until the New York opening on February 7, I was more dentist than writer, extracting the sharper (but not always carious) teeth. The heart of the play's argument was a scene in the second act between Kreton and the secretary-general of the United Nations. At each performance the audience, charmed by the fooling that had gone before, grew deathly cold as the debate began: This was not what they had anticipated (a fault, I own, of the dramaturgy—were I a better playwright the scene would have developed inevitably), and their confidence in the play was never entirely regained. A few days before we left Boston, I replaced the scene with a lighter one, involving the principals and giving the curtain to our subtlest player, the cat. The substitute was engaging; the play moved amiably; no one was shocked (some observers in New Haven had declared the entire conception unwholesomely menacing. If only they had seen the first draft of the play in which I blew up the whole world at the end, the perfect curtain.)

And so by deliberately dulling the edge of the satire, the farce flourished, giving rise to the misapprehension that the evening was delightful largely because of the comedic improvisations of two gifted *farceurs*. Our clowns were certainly gifted, but if I may be predictable and come to the defense of my squat but healthy child, they did *not* create, they played. The comedic invention was mine.

A NUMBER of reviewers described the play as a vaudeville, a very apt description, and one in which I concur, recalling a letter from Bernard Shaw to Granville-Barker: "I have given you a series of first-rate music hall entertainment thinly disguised as plays, but really offering the public a unique string of turns by comics and serio-comics of every popular type." That, of course, is only half the truth, but it is the



charming half. In the case of *Visit*, the comedic approach to the theme tended to dictate the form. Having no real commitment to the theater, no profound convictions about the

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well-made or the ill-made play, I tend to write as an audience, an easily bored audience. I wrote the sort of piece I should like to go to a theater to see, one in which people say and do things that make me laugh. And though vague monsters lurk beneath the surface, their presence is sensed rather than dramatically revealed. My view of reality is not sanguine, and the play for all its blitheness turns resolutely toward a cold night. But happily for the play's success, the incisors were extracted out of town and the venture was a hit. But there in that word "hit" lies the problem.

I was obliged to protect an eighty-thousand-dollar investment, and I confess freely that I obscured meanings, softened blows, humbly turned wrath aside, emerging with a successful play which represents me very little—perhaps a good thing. It is not that what was fashioned is bad or corrupt. I rather fancy the farce we ended up with, and I think it has a good deal of wear in it. But the play that might have been, though hardly earth-shaking, was far more interesting and true. But although I feel hurt at the sort of reputation that hovers about my part of this venture, I cannot honestly make much of a case for myself. I played the game stolidly according to rules I abhor.

IN EXTENUATION I should like to say what many others have said before me: The theater and its writers are seriously, perhaps fatally, hampered by economic pressure. Because it costs too much to put on a play, one works in a state of hysteria. Everything is geared to success. Yet art is mostly failure. And it is only from a succession of daring, flawed works that the occasional masterwork comes. But in our theater to fail is death, and in an atmosphere so feverish it is difficult to work with much objectivity. Only the honest hacks have a good time of it. Cannily, they run up a banner: It's just us again, kids, trying to make a buck. And they are let off with genial contempt. It is the crankier, more difficult writers who must work at a disadvantage, and efforts to divert them into familiar safe channels are usually disastrous.

But things are as they are. No time has been easy for any of the arts. And, to take the longest view, one must recall that society does not exist for the express purpose of creating literature—a hard fact for many of us to realize. When certain forms lose their usefulness, they are discarded. It may be that the novel was a temporary diversion—less than three centuries old in English—and that the play, thanks to social changes and new machinery, has regained its ascendancy.

As for myself, I am divided at heart. I should never have been drawn to playwriting had it been possible to live by prose. Yet what I began in a fit of opportunism I have persisted in with some pleasure—at least in the actual work. Nor am I displeased with this unexpected change in course, for have I not, like one of those civilizations Professor Toynbee so enjoys inventing, risen to a desperate challenge, and survived? At least for now.

The Night There Were No Bombs in Muret

RAY ALAN

FRANCE'S Gettysburg is the sun-baked *sous-préfecture* of Muret, which lies midway between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, just within sight of the Pyrenees. It was here that in 1213 the Catholic feudal nobility of the North crushed the free-spirited, heretical South and made possible the creation of a united kingdom of France. Muret and Gettysburg lie within the same zone of latitude and their populations are both around seven thousand. To complete the parallel, Gettysburg's presidential farm has its exact equivalent, in the center of Muret, in the family estate of M. Vincent Auriol, who was president of the Republic for two terms.

The fateful battle is commemorated today only by a small stone stele and a plaque in the town's fifteenth-century Romanesque church. But Muret has retained from 1213 a somewhat un-French taste for the political fight, the contest in which everything is black or white and devil take the grays. The vim and virulence of its political preoccupations (carpers call them feuds) are a regional byword, as the townsfolk themselves proudly acknowledge, considering this a tribute to their deviation from the somnolent regional norm and their ability to see fundamental issues straight.

Muret's political opposites are Socialist and anti-Socialist. Until recently the Socialists had governed the town for twenty years. But, content to dole out patronage and lean on the national reputation of Vincent Auriol, they made no discernible attempt to translate their platform abstractions into practice. They failed even to provide Muret with post-medieval sewage disposal. At the last municipal election they were ousted by an energetic Catholic-conservative team that promptly launched a school-building program and one of the biggest housing developments ever seen in a town this size in France.

Encore la Politique

The Socialists were appalled. They might have relished a period of pinchpenny reactionary municipal government as a long-term electoral asset. But reactionaries who stole the Socialists' own pink pants and had the nerve actually to wear them in public were not playing according to the rules; and since then no holds have been barred.

Even so, except at election time when the violence of the fray is a major tourist attraction, the visitor in search of political sport is apt to be disappointed. Interelection campaigning is considered infra dig, and the mere phrase "political education" makes Frenchmen laugh. Such meetings as are held are coun-

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cils of war, deep in the innermost donjon of each embattled camp.

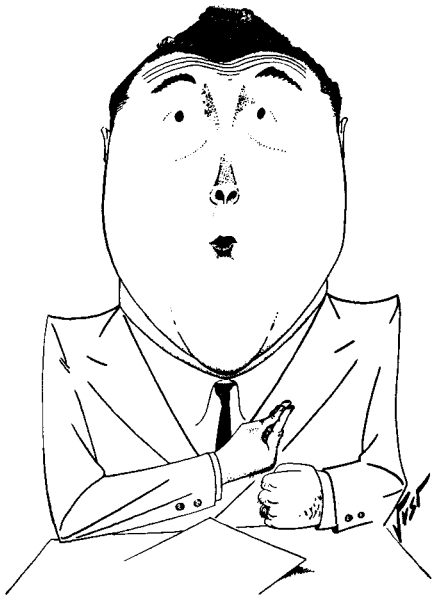
Yet politics is omnipresent and inescapable. Everything is given a political label or explanation—from the hole in the road outside the right-wing café (the public works department being Socialist) to the smell in the Socialist butcher's drain (the sanitation squad being rightist). Should the fire siren blow while the town band is welcoming some visiting bigwig, obliging the bandsmen (who are also firemen) to break off in mid-bar and dash away, everyone present will chuckle or sigh, *"Encore la politique!"*

Bus Stop in Muret

Even the Muret bus stop is a political symbol. It used to be beside the Café du Pont, Socialist Party headquarters. One of the first acts of the new right-wing municipality was to move it a hundred yards down the road. The explanation given, reasonable enough, was that the bridge which gives the Café du Pont its name is sufficiently narrow and dangerous without being encumbered by busses, but the whole town interpreted the act as a political coup. The private bus companies switched at once to the new stop, but the publicly owned, Socialist-controlled Transports Départementaux continued to use the old one until a municipal traffic policeman was posted outside the café to move the busses on.

It was into this highly charged atmosphere that the anti-tax, corporativist Poujade movement put an exploratory antenna in May. Their handbills appeared as by magic overnight. *Réunion d'Information,* they announced modestly, in the right-wing café at nine the following night. The Socialists were gleefully indignant. Here was evidence that the new municipal team was far more sinister than even their sternest critics had hitherto claimed, for the right-wing café is as solidly Catholic-conservative as the Café du Pont is Socialist. The Catholic-conservatives, however, disliked Poujade both as a demagogue and a pilferer of right-wing votes, and over their morning *apéritif* they held an inquiry.

The café's owner, it turned out, was away in Paris. His manager, a



newcomer to the town and a Spaniard, pleaded innocence. He had accepted the Poujadists' reservation by telephone, more interested in the dinners and drinks he would sell them than in local politics. And he could not turn them down now —his honor was at stake; besides, they might smash the windows. Spaniards being stubborn folk, especially when their honor is at stake, it was agreed that nothing could be done—well, almost nothing.

SURPRISINGLY, it was the Radicals who loosed off the first salvo and almost sank the Poujadists without trace. There are few Radicals in Muret, but their organ, *La Dépêche du Midi,* published mornings and evenings in Toulouse, is the only regional daily of importance and almost everyone reads it. *La Dépêche* reports with enthusiasm the exploits of the Muret football club—in which, say connoisseurs, a certain Radical influence is manifest —but takes a plague-on-both-your-houses line on municipal politics, disliking Socialists and Catholic-conservatives equally. As a daily dedicated to republicanism and rationalism, however, it is even more strongly hostile to the Poujade *mystique.*

The paper's political hero is the new Radical Premier Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury, minister of war in the recent Mollet government and an advocate of *les grands moyens* (roughly translatable as "the big stick") in Algeria and the Suez Canal Zone. To contain the Poujadist threat at Muret, *La Dépêche* decided upon *grands moyens* of its own. "Owing to unforeseen circumstances," it announced, "the Poujadist meeting at Muret will not now be held."

'Guillaume Haley et ses Comètes'

South of a line Bordeaux-Grenoble, as French meteorologists say, nothing ever begins on time, and it was not until 9:30 P.M. that the Poujadists—none of them local men—realized that something was wrong. There were about thirty people sitting at the café's sidewalk tables and five or six more inside, but most stared blankly when ushers went round saying: *"Pardon, Messieurs, 'dames.* The meeting will begin in two or three minutes, if you're ready—"

"What meeting?" asked the man at the table next to mine.

"The Poujadist meeting."

"But . . . didn't you see this morning's *Dépêche?"*

"La Dépêche? Appalling rag. Never read it. It exemplifies the whole rotten system France is suffocating under. Why?"

When an explanation was forthcoming, irate Poujadist envoys were dispatched to knock on the doors of as many grocers, butchers, and other *commerçants* as possible, explain that *La Dépêche* had pulled a fast one, and urge them to turn out. The meeting was rescheduled for 10 P.M. At 9:55 it was discovered that the key of the upstairs banquet room where the meeting was to be held had vanished—the door, of course, being locked. Simultaneously, a respected *doyen* of local bourgeois society, not previously suspected of sympathy for rock 'n' roll, stationed himself by the café's newly installed juke box, pressed a button marked *"Guillaume Haley et ses Comètes,"* and began feeding it with sufficient twenty-franc pieces to ensure that no one in the neighborhood got to sleep before midnight.

Above the din, the Spanish manager, a tall white chef's cap perched unhappily over his harassed Mischa Auer face, explained that without the owner's permission he could not force the door. His honor was at stake. And to get in touch with the

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owner in Paris might take a couple of days, even by telephone—above all by telephone, he added.

"But we can't hold the meeting here, in these sub-African conditions!" shouted the chief Poujadist organizer.

AT 10:15, a compromise was reached. The meeting would be held in the main restaurant, where the juke box was only moderately audible. The four late diners who were still there gave their permission provided the speeches weren't too loud and no strong language was

used. They were two Calvinist pastors and their wives, spending the night in Muret on their way to a regional convention in Toulouse. As few of those present had even seen a Calvinist before, they attracted more attention than the first speaker, whose modest theme was the movement's difficulties in piercing Muret's hard shell.

The second speaker was a large scarlet man with enough blood pressure to drive a turbine. He whipped himself up into such an elemental paroxysm of rage against tax collectors, bureaucrats, and "the system" generally that one sat there spellbound, waiting for him to go "pop!" He broke the linguistic compact in the first two minutes, and within ten there was scarcely a three-, four-, or five-letter word in the French language beginning with "c" or "f" that he had left unused.

Suddenly, with beautiful timing—as he was scaling, almost breathless by now, the culminating peak of his tirade—a pastoral throat cleared itself commandingly. "With your permission," said one of the Calvinists, "we shall say grace and give thanks to God for his innumerable blessings."

The orator, mauve and gasping, was left stranded like a salmon on a river bank as the pastor's prayer, in a few taut sentences, punctured the Poujadists' anarchic negativity. Then, with slow deliberation, the Calvinists folded their napkins, pushed back their chairs, stood up, replaced their chairs, and walked gravely out, wishing us all goodnight. Weakly, the Poujadist tried a joke, fumbled around to pick up the thread of his discourse, tied himself in a knot, and finally sat down, flustered and glistening.

The Strong-Arm Boys

The third speaker's chore was to demonstrate how, for all their revolutionary-sounding claptrap, the Communists are as much a part of "the system" as the Socialists, Radicals, M.R.P., and the rest, and that only the Poujadists have clean hands and the salvation of France in their hearts. They would prosecute the war in Algeria more efficiently than the classical parties and at the same time cut taxes, though just how this circle could be squared was not explained.

Toward the end of his peroration a gang of teen-agers struck up a mocking "Internationale" in the road outside. Within seconds the audience had dwindled from eighteen to seven, the eleven others turning out to be Poujadist strong-arm men (no wonder they looked so uncomfortable in their neckties) who streaked off through doors and windows to quell the disturbance. The five Muretins and ourselves exchanged sheepish grins. They included the Socialist butcher (the one with the smell in his drain) and a carpenter whose friendship we had won by designing for him an infant's dropside crib, uncommon in France. There were also the proprietress of a hardware store, her clerk, and a peddler who runs cheap-Jack stalls at open-air markets throughout the region.

The chief Poujadist organizer speedily wiped the grins off our faces when his commandos returned. It was nearly midnight, he declared, and time to get down to business. That we had turned up for the meeting despite *La Dépêche* and stayed on despite the lost key, Guillaume Haley, and the Calvinists showed that we were solid for Poujade and meant business. What about forming ourselves on the spot into a Poujadist action committee for the district? We gulped.

"You, monsieur," he told me, with an ingratiating smirk, "look as if you can read and write. I propose you for the secretaryship of the committee."

"Oh, he'd love that," said my companion. "He turns toward St. Céré"—Poujade's home town and the movement's headquarters—"every time he says his prayers."

"*Tiens,*" remarked a broken-nosed strong-arm man sitting next to me. "The Algerians do that. I did my military service over there."

"They turn toward St. Céré?" I asked, genuinely surprised.

"No, not St. Céré, exactly," he explained, wrinkling his tiny forehead earnestly. "Mexico or someplace like that."

A Couple of Good Bombs

The organizer, I noticed, was beginning to look angry, but at once the butcher spoke out. "Why bother about a committee? All we need is a couple of good bombs."

"Bombs?" echoed the organizer.

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"Aha," chuckled the Algerian expert. "That's the stuff."

"Everyone knows," continued the butcher, "that it was the Poujadists who put the bomb in the tax collector's office at Castelnaudary. That did you more good than a hundred speeches. That's what we want here."

The carpenter stood up, smacked a cloud of sawdust out of his beret, put it on, and made for the door, wafting across the room a pleasant aroma of oak and *Gauloise* tobacco. Carpenters, I have noticed, are peace-loving men, pillars of civilization in every land. "Bombs," he murmured grimly. "I don't want any part of that sort of stuff."

"But wait!" protested the organizer. "It's not true. It's typical of the sort of propaganda the professional politicians spread about us. We don't go in for bombs."

"In that case," said the butcher, standing up, "I'm wasting my time. I thought you were men of action. If you're no better than the M.R.P. . . ." He shrugged contemptuously and made for the door.

The owner of the hardware store stood up, followed by her clerk. "It's getting late," she said. "I think we've heard enough. You won't get away with bomb throwing in this town, you know." By this time the rest of us were on our feet, too, making an argumentative getaway under cover of the butcher's bombs.

HALF A DOZEN Poujadists began talking at once. It was a ridiculous misunderstanding. They *were* men of action. They sympathized with everyone's impatience with the tax-collecting tyranny. Hadn't they taken the lead in organizing resistance to it? But one mustn't go too far. There were all too many enemies of the movement eager to discredit it. They would try to organize another meeting soon and explain things more fully . . .

A minute later we were out in the street. The Spanish manager mopped his brow as he watched us leave. The butcher shook hands with us all and said, "Well, I think that's cooked them." Then he stepped off the sidewalk and narrowly missed falling (since this was the right-wing café) into the hole in the road.

"Bah!" he snorted, steadying himself. *"La politique . . ."*

CHANNELS: Lonely Men And Busy Machines

MARYA MANNES

THE PEOPLE who know What People Want shook their heads warningly at Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly for their folly in showing a documentary on automation to viewers languid with June heat. "They won't look—the title will scare them off in droves."

Well, the audience was not the size of that for "Cinderella" or even "December Bride," but I think the few million who did see "Automation: Weal or Woe?" must have been jolted out of their languor by one of the most provocative programs ever done by this bold pair and CBS.

The excitement was both visual and intellectual, generated in equal degree by the incredible machines and the men controlling and controlled by them. It is mesmerizing to watch an operation of major complexity—the cutting of an airplane wing, the testing of new steel—performed by silently moving instruments of abstract beauty, directed by a panel of dials pulsing and winking like a cosmic heart. It is awesome to watch corridor after corridor of these panels advising the defense of our country or a huge oil refinery perform its entire function in almost total solitude, guided only by a man in a control room watching the convulsive jump and quiver of needles and numbers. But along with the exhilaration induced by pride in man's brilliant conquest of matter comes a deep disquietude. In automation, the "weal" and the "woe" are balanced with great delicacy, and it is this program's major service that the columns of debit and credit are so clearly computed—not by machines but by men. To their equations, this viewer now adds her own elements of disquietude.

THERE WAS an intense loneliness about the automated plants. While they relieved a thousand men from brainless drudgery, what did they do to the few solitary controllers who spent their days and their brains sitting before panels and hearing only the orchestration—that symphony of clicks—of the movements they governed? Was this a full life for a highly trained human being?

Would automation produce a man like Bill Gillespie, who has been making steel for fifty years—a strongly carved old man with the eyes of a mystic, forged by a life of sweat and need? "We . . . we . . . worked, oh, out of the ordinary I would say and I don't see, the way that they make sheet iron today, how we ever stood it, but it didn't seem to bother us. We'd even go home so tired that we didn't know which way home was, and sit down and get a little bit to eat and run around all night, and start right the next morning. The same thing over day in and day out. It didn't make any difference to us. We got used to it. We got hardened to it."

Now this was certainly no life, but this was a man. It was disquieting, after seeing Bill Gillespie, to remember the young genius who spoke some time before him in the film, "one of two men," Murrow said, "who invented the word automation": John Diebold, thirty-one, a designer of automation equipment that manufactures everything from telephones to highways. This was the Martian prototype, the new race, all brain. He spoke intelligently of the implications of automation, but there was something frightening in his youth, his power, and his abstraction. He knew everything—except what made a Gillespie.

The great unrest in the ranks of labor is, of course, the dislocation of jobs and men that automation inevitably brings in its first stages, and some of the liveliest scenes were local union meetings where the men voiced their alarms and indignations.

One baker shouted "Automation! Automation! These meatheads up

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here, our business representatives, have done nothing about it, and they are meatheads. We're being pushed out of jobs and thrown out of jobs because of them. They knew this was comin' and they've done nothing to help us; yet they say they're lookin' out for our welfare. Are they lookin' out for our welfare? They're only lookin' out for their own pocketbook—every one of 'em." (*Applause*)

Meatheads and Cinnamon Buns

Somewhat later the discussion resumed as follows:

ANOTHER MEMBER: Mr. President, I disagree with the brother that called our representatives meatheads. I'm a member of the sweet-dough department, and at one . . .

VOICE: You're a meathead too.

MEMBER (*continuing*) : . . . and at one time we had plenty of work until the company eliminated all hand work and got a machine and a faster machine and a belt, and now all they're puttin' out are cinnamon buns, and they're cinnamon bunnin' the public to death.

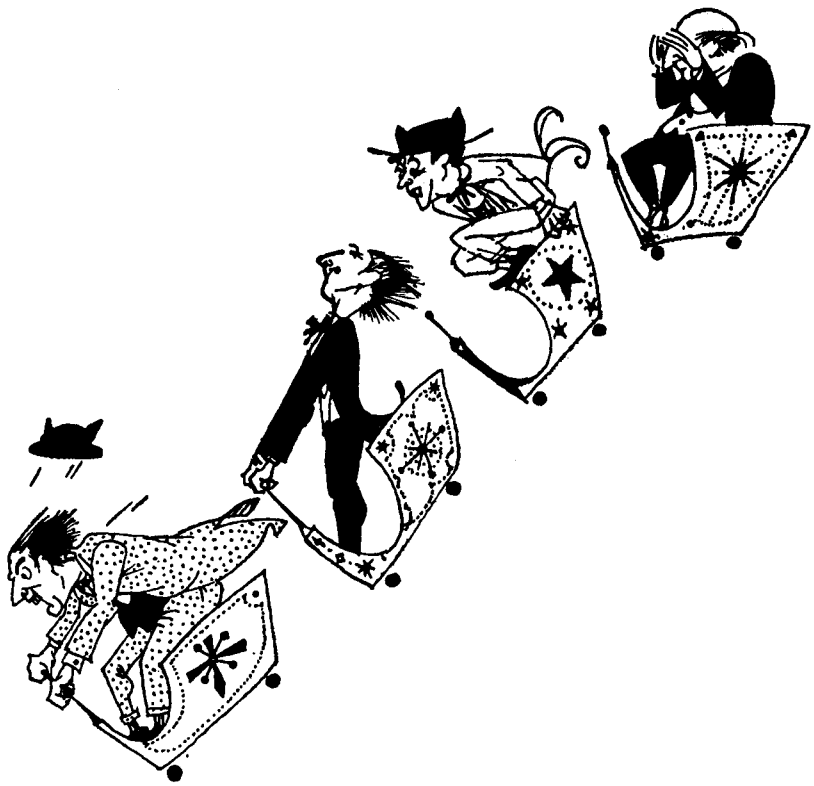
Even more disquieting than a possible cinnamon-bun saturation was this statement from the president of the Freihofer Bakery: "The real advantage in automation in the bakery industry is to produce a softer, fresher and more perfect product. . . ." If American bread gets any softer, it will have to be tube-fed.

The ultimate horror in automated life was the "cybernetic chef," a costly contraption that cooked an entire meal from freezer to table at several housewifely touches of the button. Remote as it was from general use, it made the chopping of parsley and the peeling of onions joys to be doubly cherished.

BUT THESE were the few trivial digressions from the main disquietude, which was not so much the loss of jobs (the study implied that the change would be more in kind than in numbers, new industries making new work) as the gain in time. Automation meant leisure; leisure undreamed of in the history of man. And the question nagging the inner ear throughout this program was "Are we ready for it?"

"I think the four-day week will be with us much quicker than we realize," said Walter Reuther. ". . . and that's why I believe that we will get the four-day week long before we can use it intelligently unless we begin to work hard now on how people can use their new leisure creatively and constructively. . . . We always make more progress in working with machines than we do with men.

"I think," he went on, "we've got to rearrange our priorities. We've got to somehow get our values in sharper and clearer focus so that we know precisely what we are trying to do. . . . There's got to be behind this great material prosperity a kind of sense of moral purpose, because power without morality is power without purpose . . . and it's in these . . . intangible basic human values that I think the free world has to maintain its superiority over the Communists. . . ."



Machines and the Man

Here, of course, is where the negative disquietude moves into the area of positive hope: in the thinking of men like Walter Reuther, far ahead of most labor leaders and workers, and the complementary vision of a great figure in management—Thomas J. Watson, Jr., president of the International Business Machines Corp. Watson displayed a humanity, sensibility, and intelligence which could go far in dispelling any doctrinal attitudes, native or foreign, toward American big business. (I would like to see him take on Khrushchev.) When Murrow asked him whether he was not worried that the human being would be downgraded as a result of automation, Watson answered:

"No, I think quite the opposite will be true. . . . A lot of people call these machines giant brains and whenever I hear the term it makes me shudder, because they are giant tools . . . and if you have good tools, you're upgrading man, not downgrading him. . . . I think the most important thing about the machine is that it can't create; never will be able to create. . . ."

Automation, he said, would "reduce the requirement for drudgerous, repetitive, noncreative thinking, but it certainly . . . will increase the opportunity for men to think on the imaginative, creative lines." And he quoted appreciatively the head

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of a large Italian rubber company who said, "Let's remember that automation is a process caused and governed by man, and let's never forget the man in the proposition." And the same man, said Watson, suggested that we as humans shouldn't get the lights on the streets so bright that we can't see the stars.

"I liked it," said the head of I.B.M.

They all agreed, the wise men of labor, of business, of education, of science, of communications. We have to catch up with automation and get ahead of it. We have to be better than our machines.

"It's an intellectual revolution," said Professor Gordon Brown of M.I.T. "I think the human being has to become smarter. . . . Now this isn't anything to be afraid of, because as you present these challenges to the human being, they love it. This is what man, you see, intellectually was . . . destined to become. . . . I think the future is terrific."

The twinkle in Professor Brown's eyes and the dry gusto of his delivery tended to have a euphoric effect, but Murrow's foreboding face and voice intervened and chastened as he delivered his eloquent summation, again the balance of anxiety and hope.

After saying that we have no monopoly on know-how (some footage on automation in Russian plants made this abundantly clear), he said, "Maybe we have overstated these miraculous machines. They cannot tell us the difference between right and wrong, between good and evil. They cannot produce a formula for compassion or for tolerance. . . . There is no conscience in a computer, and the speed of communications does not necessarily add merit or importance to what is communicated." (Wire services take note.)

"Every foreigner almost," Murrow said, "who has visited this country and studied it carefully has remarked that one of the hallmarks of this nation is our genius for cooperation—the ability to work together. It may be that that genius is now about to be tested as never before."

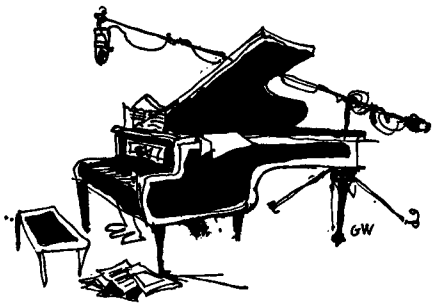
This is not a time, he might have concluded, for meatheads.

Making a Record With Leonard Bernstein

JAY HARRISON

The control room is where the pulpit used to be and the orchestra sits in the nave of the abandoned Presbyterian church at 207 East 30th Street, Columbia Records' New York headquarters for taping hi-fi recordings. After the departure of its congregation, the church had fallen into the hands of radio station WLIB. Later, after years of searching for a large hall with good acoustics, Columbia Records rented the building and remodeled it. Now the ninety-six-foot-long auditorium is equipped with new wooden floors and huge hanging lights, where the arches must have been, peer like Cyclops' eyes over the heads of the players. But though it has changed hands, moved as it were from the sermon to the sonata, the church is still a hall of religion. For the production of the typical hi-fi record is carried on there with a religious zeal.

Once assembled, the twenty-five-man orchestra arranged its parts, sat back, and made intramural jokes of a kind that amuse musicians but



leave laymen with the feeling that artists are, after all, a breed apart. Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2, in B flat, Opus 19, was the work to be recorded. The concerto was written during the composer's youth, antedating his Concerto No. 1, in C, and every instrumentalist realized in advance the problems in store. The work is gay, infectious, charming—but it is treacherously transparent, meaning that sonority balances, the bête noire of recording, had to be adjusted with slide-rule precision.

To make matters even more difficult, the soloist was to be Glenn Gould, the young Canadian-born pianist whose rapid rise to fame has been achieved amid glowing reports of his extraordinary talents and endless anecdotes about his eccentric ways and mercurial nature. Leonard Bernstein, another volatile but blither spirit, was on hand to conduct.

Bernstein arrived dressed for rehearsal: a turtle-neck sweater, gray slacks, and tasseled loafers—an informal outfit matched by his informal manner. He clapped his hands for silence and the orchestra perked up, dug in, knew it was time to begin. It was ten in the morning.

The ensemble was a "pickup" group. Its members had never rehearsed together before, at least not this particular selection. A pickup group is an aggregate of some of the best players in the area, collected together and contracted for a single occasion. It is the first job of the conductor to make the orchestra play as though its members had played together for years. In this case, the orchestra included all the players from the Juilliard Quartet, several prominent soloists who find the financial rewards of a recording session attractive, and a host of first-desk players from some of New York's leading symphonic organizations, including the pit orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera.

Suddenly Mr. Gould appeared, or rather materialized. Without warning he was at the piano, a slim, blond-haired young man with sensitive but not weak features. Prior to his arrival, a small Oriental scatter rug had been placed beneath the pedals, for Mr. Gould finds himself unhappy when his feet rest on bare wood; and directly to his right, though the day was mild,

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an electric heater had been set up to keep him ultra-warm.

A member of Columbia's publicity staff approached the pianist with outstretched hand. "I'm sorry," Gould said, "I don't ever shake hands. Not with anyone. You know how it is." The publicity man mumbled some kind of apology as Gould gingerly felt his way over the keyboard.

Bernstein looked at his soloist questioningly. "Now?" he asked. "Now," Gould said.

Tutti and Temperament

The first part of the session was spent whipping the Beethoven work into shape. The procedure was exactly that which precedes a live concert, though in this instance the ears that were to hear the final, finished product were five Telefunken microphones placed at strategic positions in the orchestra or beside the piano. Naturally, not a note of the initial steps was recorded, though the engineers in the control booth took the opportunity to adjust mike balances in anticipation of the taping itself.

With the opening tutti under way, Mr. Gould, having nothing to do during the first portion of the concerto, slid out from behind the piano and loped casually about the hall. He shook his head, waved his arms, beat time, and acted generally in a manner that any conductor less accustomed to the ways of genius might have found trying in the extreme.

Bernstein, who was himself a prodigy once, took no notice. The orchestra, on the other hand, was fascinated. Whenever an instrumentalist had as little as a four-measure rest, he spent it watching Gould wandering round the auditorium rubbing his hands together, snapping his fingers, or beating his elbows to his sides like a great wounded bird.

Midway into the tutti, Bernstein stopped. "No, it won't do," he said as he lit a cigarette. "Like this: tsa-tsaa-*tsaaa*-TSAAAA. I want to hear the crescendo and the accent on the first beat. Let's go back to the beginning. Listen to the people you're playing with—get the feel of one another. That's the way you'll get it right."

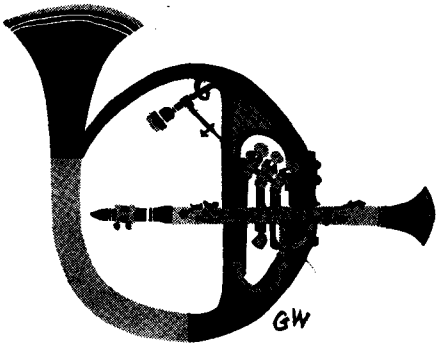
Again the tutti was rehearsed and again and then again—perhaps a dozen times in all. At the close of it Gould finally began to play. He got through his opening phrase and then, without warning, flung his arms up.

"I can't," he said plaintively. "I can't. There's a draft. I feel it. A strong draft."

At this, a flock of workmen poured into the hall to track down the mysterious wind. One of them wet his finger and held it up in the air like a sailing-vessel captain seeking the freshest breeze. "I've got it," he cried triumphantly. He went to a door and closed it. "It's coming from here," he said sagely, as his colleagues looked on in admiration.

THE REHEARSAL continued as it had before, but each new run-through shed some of the roughness that had characterized its predecessor. Also it became perfectly clear why, despite his idiosyncracies, Gould is tolerated, even encouraged.

He is good, very good. His tapered fingers seem guided by watch springs, so regular, smooth, and inexorable are their movements. He doesn't fumble or hesitate, and never misses a note. His playing is clean and the piano colors he produces dart and shimmer. Moreover, as was apparent to everybody present, he is a musician well in advance of his twenty-



odd years. His phrases are not simply flat statements of musical fact, but are full of lift and lilt and life.

This is all the more remarkable since Gould's behavior at the piano would not seem to lend itself to performing pieces any more demanding than "Chopsticks." He slouches low over the keyboard, his body describing the curve of a parenthesis, and even in the most worrisome passages he crosses his legs and jiggles the upper one as though to ease a foot fallen asleep. When he finishes a tricky allegro, he yanks his hands from the keys as if a sudden high-voltage charge had shot through them.

The description of his performance does not jibe with what it sounds like. The former is nervous and bizarre, the latter utterly urbane and civilized. Certainly it seemed so to the musicians in the orchestra, for their smiles and muted guffaws quickly gave way to nods of approval. And the approval was shared by the men in the control room, who were now set about the business of actually recording what had been rehearsed.

Essentially, the destinies of the control room were watched over by three men: Howard Scott, recording director for Columbia Masterworks; David Oppenheim, in charge of classical artists and repertory; and Fred Plaut, one of Columbia's leading engineers. Plaut's surroundings were the most imposing. In front of him and to his right and left was an enormous control station that looked like a large telephone switchboard and appeared capable of relaying calls to the moon. On all sides there were wires and plugs and an array of orange lights and dials —forty of them—of varying sizes. These, it was explained, were all connected with microphones or amplifiers or "mixers," the three together being directly responsible for the balance of the sonority—the sound surface to be left on the spinning tape.

Oppenheim chooses the works that Columbia wishes to record for its classical catalogue and engages the artists he feels best suited to do them justice, while Scott supervises and oversees the whole operation from the initial downbeat of the performer to the ultimate release of the hi-fi disc.

'Beethoven 2—Take 1'

It was time—the rehearsal was over, the taping about to begin. Scott clicked open his microphone and spoke to the men in the auditorium: "We're ready, are you?" The conductor and the soloist nodded.

"Now look, Lennie," Scott said

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pleadingly, "I know you like to jump around while you're up there. But don't stamp your feet. You know how sensitive these mikes are." He looked at Plaut and asked if he was set. "All right," he said as the tape began to roll. "Beethoven 2—Take 1."

The term "take" is used to define the number of the particular segment being recorded. Since almost no work these days is recorded straight through, the takes are in effect a handy catalogue for identifying the order of the excerpts played and the musical characteristics that distinguish them. There may be, for example, eight or nine takes of a single passage, and since the recording director keeps detailed notes on all, he has only to refer to his notes to remind him why Take 6 was preferable, say, to Take 3, and so forth. In this case, the first take consisted of the entire first movement of the concerto—the only movement that was being recorded that morning. When it was over, Bernstein and Gould entered the control room to hear a playback of what they had done.

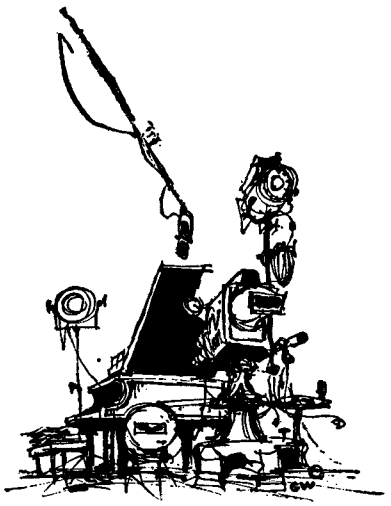
The Good News

Gould, wearing heavy knitted gloves, lounged in a corner. "It's the air conditioning," Scott whispered. "It gets his hands, makes them tight. Or so I've been told." He turned to Bernstein, who, with a score before him, was seated next to Oppenheim. "O.K.," he said, "let's hear the good news."

Up to a point, both artists found Take 1 to their liking. "Heaven," murmured Bernstein. "That goes," said Gould. But then they began to spot imperfections. At one moment the horns were inaudible, at another the strings seemed slightly out of tune with the piano. A woodwind clinker here, a timpani mishap there, and it was finally decided to redo the entire first movement rather than concentrate on re-recording single parts of it.

"I'm thirsty," said Bernstein. "Glenn, can I have some of your Poland Water?" Rather reluctantly, Gould fetched a bottle from beneath the control console. Scott whispered again. "That's the only stuff he drinks. Says regular water makes him sick."

A half hour later, and after several replays of the first take, it was time to begin the second. In contrast to the first, progress came by fits and starts, Bernstein frequently stopping the orchestra to retape a single measure or phrase, and Gould expressing frequent displeasure over something he had done. Once Bernstein brought the whole operation to a halt to rehearse the woodwinds in a passage that found them floundering consistently. In some ways this proved to be a mistake, for Gould chose the opportunity to vanish like a wraith. When Bernstein was done, he said "I'm ready" into the orange-shaped microphone that allowed him to confer directly with the control room.



"So are we," Oppenheim replied. "Where's Gould?"

"Who knows?" Bernstein said wearily.

"I DO," piped up a new voice in the control room, which, as it turned out, belonged to a Columbia salesman who had just arrived on the scene. "He's in the men's room soaking his hands. Loosens them up, you know."

Scott thumped his head. "I love him," he said, "you know I love him. But why does he have to soak his hands now? Why?"

"Don't rattle him," said the salesman in a tone of unalloyed horror. "He'll sell like crazy—thousands of albums, thousands. He's great and Columbia's got him."

Gould emerged from his ablutions. He shook his hands as though trying to rid himself of insects.

"You boys ready?" he asked Bernstein casually.

"God," said Oppenheim.

Kisses and Poland Water

The first movement was then recorded from beginning to end four or five times. The final product, the record to be placed on the market, would consist of bits and snippets from all the takes. At a later meeting between Gould, Bernstein, Scott, and an engineer, held at Columbia's Seventh Avenue offices, the best portions of each take would be spliced together, and after editing for a period of two or three days, a near-perfect tape was likely to be the final product.

After each complete take, some of them preceded by microphone readjustments to ensure better balances, Gould and Bernstein descended on the control room and listened intently to their work. Following a particularly fine passage in the orchestra, Bernstein thought nothing of leaning over and kissing the score. Gould, when a difficult articulation pleased him, gulped happily from his bottle of Poland Water and grinned with obvious satisfaction.

Only Oppenheim showed any signs of alarm. "Boys," he sniffed, "I smell overtime. Are we almost through?"

"I think we've had it," Bernstein replied. "If we can't get great Beethoven out of what we've already done, we never will."

"But," Gould interrupted, "I noticed some trills I'd like to redo."

"Trills," Scott muttered under his breath. "We just recorded fifteen of the best trills on records and he wants to redo them." Then he spoke to Gould directly. "Glenn," he said, "take it from me, we'll put together a record out of all this that you'll be proud of, Lennie will love, and critics will adore. I know."

GOULD seemed convinced. Wrapping a muffler around his neck and plopping a woolen cap on his head, he shuffled out of the control booth. Oppenheim, with a massive sigh of relief, gave instructions to dismiss the musicians. Bernstein closed his score and, after kissing it once again, he, too, left.

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The Historian Of the Ocean Sea

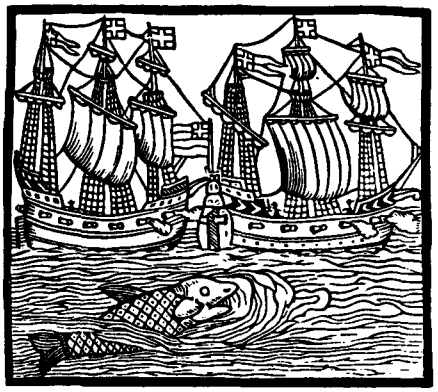
WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

IN ONE of the early volumes of Samuel Eliot Morison's massive *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II,* there occurs a description of the last night at sea of the vast armada dispatched directly from American ports to descend by surprise upon the shores of North Africa. It is November, 1942—the opening moment of American advance into the Old World. No shot has yet been fired as the darkened fleet steams silently toward its landfalls. Its officers and men, almost all still untried in war, go about their innumerable shipboard tasks and pause to catch the first whiff of charcoal smoke coming out on the land breeze from the still invisible coast. Each has his thoughts of tomorrow's test. "Africa was never so dark and mysterious to ancient sea rovers as she seemed that night to these seventy thousand young men who had retraced the path of Columbus."

Eloquence is something you don't normally expect to find in multivolume military histories burdened with immense accumulations of tactical detail. The Army's official Second World War chronicle, written largely by committees and vetted by other committees as it proceeds toward its goal of more than a hundred volumes, appears designed less to be read than to be preserved. The Air Force's comparable war account, produced by *its* committees, is a mountainous assembly of officially approved facts buttressed by a hundred pages of reference apparatus per installment. But Morison's naval chronicle, of which the eleventh volume, *The Invasion of France and Germany: 1944-1945* (Atlantic—Little, Brown, $6.50), has just appeared, is another kind of undertaking, and its author is another kind of historian.

For one thing, although his history is a commissioned one, authorized by President Franklin D. Roosevelt himself, it remains independent of its sponsors. Professor Morison of Harvard was made a Navy captain, provided with a staff, given access to secret papers, sent off into battle on everything from destroyer tin cans to fleet flagships, made privy to the observations of admirals and generals and the Naval War College—and then allowed to write as he pleased.

In view of his unique topside mandate, no one was able to tell him to belay personal comment, criticism, or fine writing. He was free to bestow or withhold plaudits as his own observations and historical judgment saw fit. Thus in



his latest volume, after canvassing the entire ground of the Normandy landings and talking to great numbers of their survivors, he finds much that was faulty in Intelligence, co-ordination, and the timing of the assault on Omaha Beach—despite the general brilliance of Eisenhower's command.

Participation and Perspective

A work of such scope, forthright as well as readable, is an event in itself. But its creative source is not fortuitous. It rests in a joining of two qualities that have marked the entire life's work of this historian, now in his seventieth year: immediate participation and long perspective. They are two qualities that don't often go together. When they do, they can produce an extraordinary result in terms of evocation.

The color of Morison's opening description of the American armada closing in on Africa derives from his having been present himself on one of the leading ships. Then he brings in a reference across the centuries to Columbus, whose westward course Morison had retraced in sail before writing his biography of the great explorer—another instance of his search for historical participation.

Twenty-four hundred years ago, at the outset of his work on the Peloponnesian conflict, Thucydides wrote that "Of the events of the war, I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry." Morison, too, speaks of the value of writing "in contact with the events"—something that most historians prefer to avoid. At the same time, there is the need to apply a historian's critical perspective and to "discount the evidence of the eye"—something equally foreign to the sheer reporter. The particular art of the historian, then, appears to lie in attaining immediate contact with both the present and the past.

In the Wake of the *Santa Maria*

Over his long career, Morison has sought such contact in many ways. The most spectacular was his emergence as a wartime four-striper under fire. But perhaps the most significant was his earlier resailing of Columbus's course to check, as a reporter might, on the accuracy of the admiral's record of landfalls, coastings, and anchorages. (This was before the time when the emulation of classic voyages to America became a bright idea of promotion men.) At the time, Morison's venture seemed to many just an engaging stunt of an amateur sailor looking for a good excuse for a deep-water cruise. The turnout of his "Harvard Columbus Expedition," with two yachts bearing the arms of Harvard as well as of Columbus on their sails and carrying the historian as "Commodore," added to the impression of an outing in high style.

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Yet why not a historical outing away from the desk? What is good history writing, after all, but free exploration undertaken to approach that most difficult of all goals—re-creation of one's subject, no matter how far removed?

More than a century ago, Francis Parkman had done something comparable when he went forth (also from Harvard) to live in the Western woods before writing what he liked to call his "history of the American forest." His sea-borne successor, emphasizing his admiration for Parkman's method, proudly wrote home while his own expedition was making ready in the Azores, "We shall attempt to do for Columbus what Francis Parkman did for the history of France in the New World"—that is, get back to the fundamentals of the story and attempt to relive it.

Morison insisted that the method of going out on one's own to follow in Columbus's wake was "the only way to find out what kind of a seaman and navigator he was." Yet there is also the sheer atmospheric effect upon oneself of attaining identity of place and mood with one's subject—especially when in so doing one can transcend time. Exuberant after his neo-Columbian passage, Morison wrote of "The changing light and shadow on that superb pyramid of square sail, its planes intersected by the graceful curves of the staysails; the eager watch for the first appearance of Crux Australis and Rigel Centauri; the checking of Columbus' Polaris observations from Polaris herself in the same latitudes; the eager perusal of Columbian sources in preparation for his New-World landfalls . . . the rush and gurgle of great waters as we majestically rolled westward . . . and perfect balance of physical labor, mental work and spiritual exaltation. . . ." This is language far removed from that of a Ph.D. plugging away in the stacks over some collective monograph.

History as Literature

Not that every historian should forthwith go out and buy a pack-saddle or sail a boat. There is one quality far more relevant than that he be a good man both with a tiller and a footnote. It is that he be a

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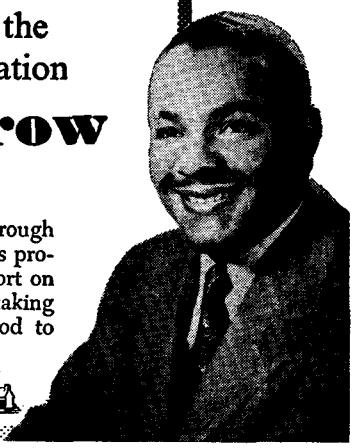

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literary artist. This is a view evidently not accepted by the great mass of current American practitioners. Yet Morison, recalling such earlier American chroniclers as Parkman, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and Fiske, obstinately clings to it.

Some years ago, he told an audience of history students that their American mentors had "forgotten that there is an art of writing history." Ever since the great generations of our native historians had been overtaken by hordes of German-trained seminarists and devotees of "scientific" burrowing, there had been "a flight of history from literature" and a resulting "chain reaction of dullness." As for our social historians, Morison felt their chief ill was indigestion. Most present American historians wrote jargon and couldn't even produce good English—the *sine qua non* of producing good history. As a result, a whole generation had passed without producing any "really great works" by Americans. It was high time, he thought, to make a fresh start, abandoning both the jargon and the preconceived notions of the "scientists" and learning first of all how to *write*.

Bigotry and Mr. Beard

Two decades ago, so far as most earnest readers were concerned, the god of American history was Charles A. Beard, who (often in collaboration with his gifted wife) had produced volumes of brilliant and skeptical analysis of our entire past, questioning the motives of our Constitution-making forebears and taking a dim view of wars, heroes, overseas enterprises, and the European past altogether. The Beards on their Connecticut hillside seemed never to have heard of the sea, except to prize it as a ditch that protected our civilization—such as it was—from others. They were historians with a reforming mission, intellectuals with a strong bias against many of the intellectuals of our past. In their aim of indoctrinating a generation of radical isolationists they were the learned counterparts of the earthier, noisier H. L. Mencken, who wanted us simply to become cynics. Only gradually did it become apparent that the Beards were not really as interested in history as in propaganda for the future, and that in their desire to make America over they had to revise the past as well.

This effort reached its height in Professor Beard's ultimate tract, *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War,* in which he sought to show that F.D.R. had plotted to get us into war from the start, had deliberately flouted the advice of his admirals to safeguard our fleet, and had actually provoked the Japanese into attacking Pearl Harbor. This was utterly astounding. Had Beard actually consulted the admirals in question, examined classified documents, and been directly informed at the time all this happened? He hadn't. He had been closeted with

his own thoughts and an assortment of press clippings. That same year, Morison produced from firsthand study his *The Rising Sun in the Pacific: 1931-April 1942* (Volume III of his naval history), which helps make hash of Beard's preposterous innuendo.

YEARS EARLIER, a comparable object of the dislike of the Beards and many fellow revisionists had been the Puritans of early New England, in whom they generally saw only harsh theocrats and narrow exploiters conducting a dark and bigoted régime.

At this point young Morison, a proper Bostonian himself, set about immersing himself in the attic storehouses and side streets of his ancestors' past, and incurred unpopularity by coming forth with a very different image.

You are wrong about those crabbed Puritans, he said in effect; you just never really got to know them. Against the dominant concept of a Massachusetts ice age he threw a picture of its human warmth, its expansiveness, and its "burgeoning of genuine intellectual life." Early Harvard, he pointed out in his history of his alma mater, far from having been just a training ground for theologians out to do battle with Satan, had been from the start a pioneer liberal-arts college. A colony whose chief bookseller had imported numbers of French romances and even the Earl of Rochester's bawdy poems (such were the records Morison found) was hardly as grim as had been made out. In fact, the vigor and intellectual scope of New England Puritanism had been the chief means of transporting to pioneer America the rich Elizabethan heritage, at a time when tidewater Virginia was still preoccupied solely with grubbing for a living.

At first this argument sounded to many like rather highfalutin Back Bay particularism. Morison had begun his career with an admiring biography of his ancestor and fellow Harvard man, lordly Harrison Gray Otis (1765-1848), pointing out with evident pride in his very first sentence that each of Otis's three names "stood for respectability and long-established position in the Province of Massachusetts Bay." The Federalism of Otis and his friends, as young Morison saw it, was a sort of patrician enlargement on the Puritan idea. As against the "corruption and extravagance" of Democratically run states, the Federalist administrations in Massachusetts "set a standard in honesty, efficiency and wise advance that no government of and by the people has surpassed."

This was laying it on a bit thick, particularly for a historian trained under that splendid and spacious Harvard trio of the times, Professors Edward Channing, Albert Bushnell Hart, and Frederick Jackson Turner. Before long Morison realized that he had gone too far in his patrician enthusiasm, just as the Beards were going too far in their disdain of it. The difference between them is that Morison changed his views. On further examination he found the Federalists "stupid, nar-

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row-minded and local in their outlook" as compared with the expansive Jeffersonians who had been anathema in ancestral Boston. He came around to realize that "the Jeffersonian 'line' is the one that the mainstream of U.S. 'actuality' has followed"—although he was quick to add that there has also been "too much of it." Where the historian could serve best was in providing balance and intellectual rigor. The past must be preserved, but without nostalgia. Neither should it be read backwards from the point of view of favorite trends.

IT IS DIFFICULT to pin such a man down—particularly when he says that he himself objects to having history pinned down. What we ultimately find in Morison, in a time of rival schools bent primarily on ousting one another and of "scientific" approaches that aren't even scientific, is a flexible historian of the middle. And there seems good reason to regard him, because of his freedom, art, and direct penetration, as the one great historian in our midst.

You may be put off by some of his sheer ebullience. (As a young visiting professor at Oxford he confessed that he had been drawn to American history as his subject because he found it "romantic and passionate.") You may also find yourself somewhat overwhelmed at times by his love of literary and classical allusion—although to my mind there is also something winning about a writer who in describing the 1944 assault on the Normandy beaches pauses to quote the words Shakespeare put into Henry V's mouth for *his* assault five centuries earlier, or who finds for the moment of Allied trepidation at the imminent landings at Salerno an apt citation from Horace: "*Quod coelum, Vala, Salerni; quorum hominum regio, et qualis via?*" ("What's the weather like at Salerno, and what sort of people shall I encounter there?")

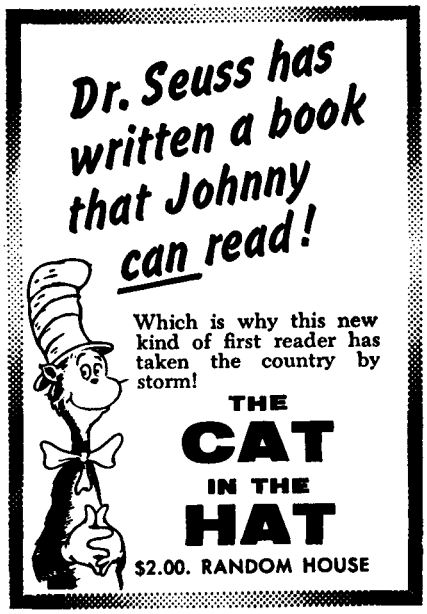
But however you may react to the work of this romantic classicist or classical romantic—have it as you choose—he will try to stir you in any one of his books with the lift and language of what is at bottom his one recurrent theme. It is the drama of the work, ordeal, and survival of those who live on or near the sea in peace or war, and who look to it for their tests, their livelihood, or their linkage with the distant shore.

Clippers and Cargonauts

The ocean rolls like an imponderable yet uniting undertone through all the books of this Joseph Conrad among historians. It is omnipresent in the origin and growth of American life, even when we thought we had turned safely away from it. And I know no better single place to savor this theme than in his *Maritime History of Massachusetts* (1921), a study that may yet stand out as Morison's most complete achievement in the evocation of things past.

In it we are transported back to the extraordinarily vivid seagoing world Morison's coastal forebears knew—a realm of ropewalks, ship chandlers, sailmakers' lofts, of spars and rigging of ships coming in from China with fragrant tea, from the eastern Indies with boxed spices, from Madagascar and Aden with jute, gum arabic, and goatskins, from St. Petersburg with pelts and iron and timber, and going out again with international cargoes of rum, sugar, cider, tobacco, and everything down to beeswax. It is a world seen as Yankee shipmasters saw it—rough, rugged, yet held together in some sort of cohesion by the comings and goings of tall sails. And we stand on Telegraph Hill among the counting-room clerks to watch a stately clipper ship come in, salt-crusted from her voyage around the globe, studding sails still set as she rounds Boston Light, then striking her skysails and royals, next sending her crew scampering aloft to furl topgallants, and finally backing topsails as she eases gracefully toward India Wharf. The crimps, agents, prostitutes are on hand to receive the argonauts. Yards are braced, running gear is coiled down, a warp is passed to the shore, and all hands at the capstan walk the great ship up to wharfside with the closing chantey of a deep-sea voyage:

Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
I'll pack my bag and go below;
It's time for us to leave her.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Book Notes

THE TAXIS OF THE MARNE, by Jean Dutourd. Translated from the French by Harold King. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

If Jean Dutourd were in charge at Judgment Day the skies would be filled with French generals and cabinet ministers, soldiers and civilians, all tumbling down into hell in punishment for the cowardice, dishonor, and stupidity that brought the fall of France. Fortunately the author will never be called upon to read the hearts of his fellow countrymen or judge their intentions. He is just one more angry Frenchman quarreling with his compatriots. Unfortunately he is eloquent; his diatribe, excellently translated, is being read outside France, where it will be used to support one of the most absurd theories in modern history. Essentially what it comes to is that there was no Hitler, no Wehrmacht, no swift, relentless, overpowering German invasion of France. The enemy, says this author, eager to prove the debasement of his country, "was not worth anything. Our fathers, who pulverized the redoubtable army of the Kaiser, would have made short work of these young Nazi gutter-snipes trembling in their cardboard fortlets." France, says M. Dutourd, fell simply because it wanted to grovel.

There comes a point when this sort of thing cannot be argued about.

A HOUSEFUL OF LOVE, by Marjorie Housepian. *Random House. $3.50.*

"You have the most *interesting* relatives. None of mine are tattoed."

Poor Caroline, who lives in Gramercy Park in a two-maid house, has cause to envy her Armenian classmate, who lives around the corner on unfashionable Lexington Avenue and is rich indeed in colorful connections. There is Uncle Pousant, who operates a local restaurant and who unswervingly believes Caroline to be underprivileged because she is skinny; there is his wife, Hadji, who, having made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, is entitled to be tattooed, and who proudly displays while waiting on table the Crucifixion on one biceps and Mary Magdalene washing the feet of the Lord on the other. There is Marta-mama, the matriarch, aged ninety-seven, who takes a dim view of her own powers of survival. "Longevity was her only luxury, and because she considered all luxuries wanton and sinful, she constantly reminded everyone, including herself, that she had not asked to live so long."

Sometimes it seems there ought to be a Federal law against any more books about lovable Armenian families—their kindnesses and their crises, their perpetual homesickness for the old country, and their gradual Americanization—but despite all the odds against it, this book does manage to be thoroughly charming.

THE PRINTER OF MALGUDI, by R. K. Narayan. *Michigan State University Press. $3.50.*

Another trip to Mr. Narayan's mythical town of Malgudi in South India, where we meet, among others, Srinivas, the editor of the *Banner,* who "within twelve pages of foolscap . . . attempted to set the world right." That's not any easier to do in Malgudi than anywhere else, especially when the leading citizens become deeply enmeshed in an abortive attempt to make the town into a "Hollywood of India."

It is interesting to note that the credit for discovering and publishing the work of this excellent novelist must go to a university press.

SPAIN: ROMANESQUE PAINTERS. Preface by Walter E. S. Cook. Introduction by Juan Ainaud. 32 full-page color reproductions. UNESCO World Art Series. *New York Graphic Society. $16.50.*

There is no art that does not suffer when taken away from where it was intended to be seen, out of the church, out of the temple, out of remote time. But Romanesque painting always seems peculiarly dependent on the solemn, fortresslike churches for which it was created. It is part of their architecture, their gloom, their literal awareness of heaven and hell. In this book the brilliant colors surprise. Dr. Cook is right in saying that the painting here is more important than the drawing, or at least more of an innovation. The danger in this truth is that these pictures will now be looked on as simple decoration and that the devils, the angels, and St. Juliet being sawed in half will be viewed as no more than elements of the artist's composition.

CRY OF THE HEART, by Hertha Pauli. *Ives Washburn. $3.50.*

Alfred Nobel, the brooding inventor of dynamite, hoped to promote world peace through a substance devastating enough to "exclude all possibility of a war." Baroness Bertha von Suttner, a woman of dedication as well as Viennese charm, devoted her life to an effort to persuade Nobel and the world that the way to peace lay through organization for peace rather than the threat of extermination. The world proved stubborn, but Nobel yielded to the point of establishing his peace prize; and Baroness von Suttner's work was recognized when she became its first woman recipient. Interwoven with the tale of an idyllic marriage, this is a story of ironic pertinence in a day when hydrogen bombs are thought to be our best guarantors against war.

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY AND OTHER STORIES, by Irwin Shaw. *Random House. $3.95.*

Mr. Shaw's fifth collection of short stories is compounded of his familiar popular ingredients. There are the same naïve Americans meeting up with the same knowing Europeans and discovering that things are seldom what they seem. There are the same struggles to grow up and to experience emotion, all expressed in the usual combination of laconic wit and controlled cool prose. But the best story, "The Sunny Banks of the River Lethe," is somewhat atypical. Its hero, a man who has always had a compulsion about remembering absolutely everything, for the first time in his life knows pleasure when he slides slowly into increasing absent-mindedness.

RUSSIA IN TRANSITION, by Isaac Deutscher. *Coward-McCann. $4.50.*

A collection of essays on recent developments in Soviet Russia and the satellite countries by our regular contributor on Russian affairs. Some of the material appeared in this magazine.

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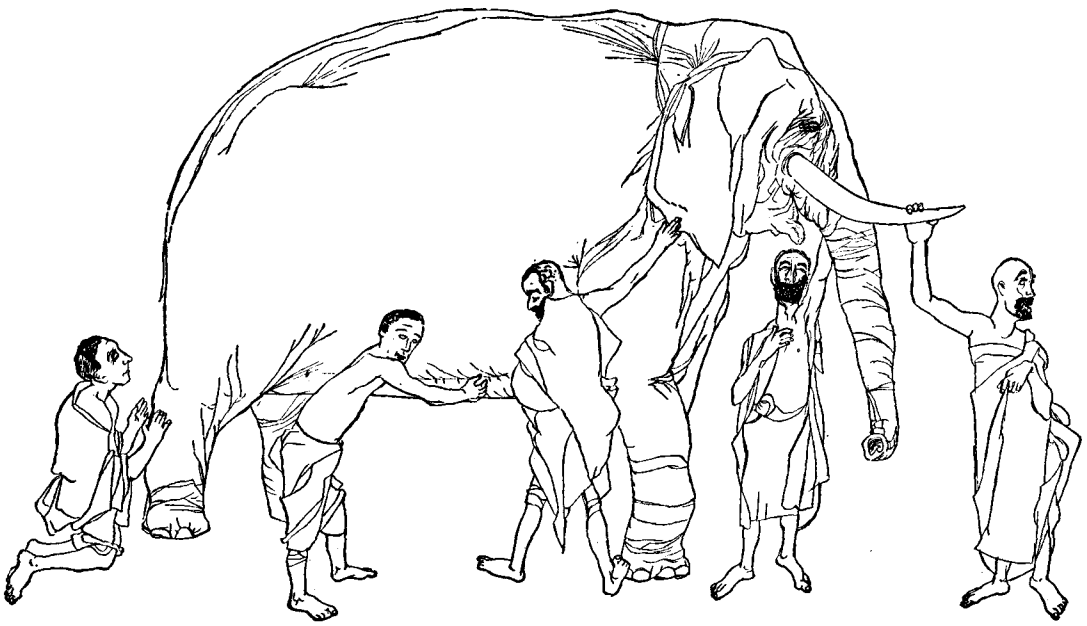

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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